

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

No. 159.—VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

## THE FOUNTAIN, FORSYTH PARK, SAVANNAH.



PERHAPS in all of the Southern States there is no point that will linger longer in the memory of the tourist than a bright and beautiful spot near the heart of Savannah, known as Forsyth Park. Its army of tall pines, traversed by broad, serpentine walks,

laid with pebbles that glisten in the sunshine like a bed of diamonds; its rows of flowers and shrubbery—the one always breathing semi-tropical aroma, and the other always green and tastefully trimmed; its luxuriant grass, whereon hundreds of children are permitted to make themselves happy in play; its cosy seats and shady recesses, always suggestive of the gay companionship at hand—all these are charms within themselves; but the great attraction of the place—the Koh-i-noor that gives value to this setting of art and Nature—is the fountain, a faithful sketch of which precedes this article. It is constructed after the model of that in the Place de la Concorde in Paris; but, in the foliage which surrounds it, the water-lilies that peep from its basin, the carefully-cultivated undergrowth that encircles it like a great fringe, and the indigenous flowers and plants that are shadowed in the clear depths, it possesses charms that are peculiarly its own.

### MARGARET MORRIS.

"WHAT is the name of this place, captain?" asked Margaret Morris.

"Rand's Point, miss."

"How long do we stay?"

"Three or four hours, miss."

It was the first boat of the season, and the passage through Huron had been cold and stormy; off Saginaw Bay, the west wind, cutting the water into froth, had keeled the old Chippewa well over as she floundered along, and, off Thunder-Bay Islands, a norther came down from Superior, howling over the flat water, and sweeping it back into great, inky waves as it sped on toward the south. Past Presqu' Isle, and through the eastern gateway into the straits, slowly the steamer advanced, and the ice gave way sullenly as the floes drifted across the channel and came crunching against the bows of the boat, or dove under and pounded the keel; the shore, outlined in bare forests black against the sky, and lifeless islands buried in snow, stood threateningly on either side, and the few passengers shivered and went back into the close cabin to resume the book, the knitting, and the nap, according to their various inclinations.

The limestone fortress on the heights of Mackinac shone white as a battlement of ice, and the slow-moving inhabitants of the village under the cliff crept down to the wharf, and gazed torpidly up at the intruder whose whistle had roused them from their winter sleep, and then crept slowly back again through the snow, each one to his lair, with monotonous contentment.

Through the narrows of St. Ignace, by the solitary tower of Waugoschance Light, out among the Fox, the Beavers, and the Manitous, past the Sleeping Bear and the Point-aux-Bec Scies of the early *voyageurs*, changed into commonplace Point Betsy by the Yankee pruning-knife, and then the Chippewa veered toward the shore, slackening her speed and sounding her dissonant double whistle, as if to waken the inhabitants of Rand's Point, unvisited by stranger-face for five long months.

A wharf stretched out from the land far into the shallow water, loose boards covered the beams, and formed an unsteady bridge over which loaded wood-carts were hastening with rattle, creak, and cracking whip, in response to the hissing steam and hoarse voice of the mate, as, poised on the deck-rail, he shouted out his orders and sent the capstan whirling like a merry-go-round.

At length the unwieldy craft was moored to the logs, and out swarmed a motley crew, deck-hands to work and passengers to look about, meeting as motley an assemblage on shore; woodmen to heave the logs, slatternly women standing in the door-ways, and wild-eyed children peeping from behind the stump fences.

Margaret Morris, with high-poised head, walked down the wharf, avoiding with calm disfavor the ragged deck-hands, glancing at the wood-choppers with distant pity, withdrawing her skirts from possible contact with tow-headed children, and utterly ignoring the very existence of her fellow-travellers, the missionary and his fat wife, a wiry woman in black with four unkempt children, two rosy-checked Ohio girls, and several men in rough clothes, whose hard hands told of toil.

Distancing the loiterers with rapid step, Miss Morris reached the low shore, and, turning aside from the group of log-houses, walked up the western beach, the thin, rotten ice crushing under her feet, and letting them down on to the pebbles with sharp abruptness. Two or three logs, the remains of a wharf, extended out into the floating ice, and, tired of the yielding footing, she stepped up on to the bark, and, steadying herself, began to walk out to the crossbeam.

"Stop! that is not safe. The log is slippery, and the water there deep enough to drown you," called a peremptory voice behind.

The lady turned her head, slipped, swayed, struggled, lost her balance, and would have fallen, had not two hands caught her by the shoulders and lifted her back to the beach.

With haughty surprise she confronted the intruder, a tall young man, with clear-gray eyes, whom she had noticed among the common herd of passengers on account of his loud laugh and fraternizing manners.

"A common working-man," she thought, scornfully.

"You'd better come back to the town; it's dangerous walking along here; can't tell where the beach ends and lake begins. Ice rotten, too; come right along back now, this way," said the stranger.

"Sir, you are kind; but I prefer to walk here."

"Prefer to walk to your death, do you mean? You might do it easily here. Come back with me, miss."

"I prefer to be alone, sir."

"Not on this beach, if I know myself. I couldn't leave you here with a clear conscience now; and the heavy boots tramped along by Margaret's side."

Turning her back upon the man, she left the beach, and, ascending the slope, walked down a wagon-track leading along the rear of the houses; when the road turned at the edge of the clearing, she saw that she was

alone, and, slackening her pace, wound slowly in and out among the stumps until the border of the forest stopped her progress.

"That impertinent person! How dared he speak to me? But I suppose he knew no better, poor soul! I felt that the journey would be disagreeable, but there was no other way of reaching Lucia;" and Margaret's thoughts turned toward the elder sister whose summons had brought her from an Eastern home out over the stormy lakes.

Walking back and forth among the stumps, a chill crept over her frame, the half-melted snow clung to her feet, and the raw wind roughened her pale cheeks.

Passing around a barn, she turned into the main street of Rand's Point, where the log-houses stood in two rows, side by side, each with its lean-to shed, its pig-sty, its chicken-house of twigs, and its thatched wood-pile behind. Out in the road-way heedless of the cold, nondescript children ran about, or gathered around the loitering passengers; the wiry woman with the four children had made acquaintance with the Irish wife of a wood-cutter, and proceeded in triumph to the kitchen, near whose window a convenient stump had tempted Miss Morris to rest a moment.

The interior was plainly visible, roughly-plastered walls, home-made benches and tables, and an old stove, comprising the whole; the wiry woman sat on a bench with her four in a row, all stretching their poorly-shod feet toward the friendly fire, while the hostess, in a faded gown, stood with bare arms a-kimbo, and did the honors.

One by one native children came awkwardly in, and, hanging upon their mothers' limp skirts, stared at the visitors. Dirty were they all, undeniably ill-kept and coarse, and Miss Morris turned her eyes away, with a shudder of repulsion over all her fastidious nerves, as the two mothers, deeply interested, bent to compare notes upon a white-faced boy, whose curved back and swollen joints were evidently the subject of conversation.

"Dirt and disease, inseparable companions!" she thought, as she walked on; "how sad is the sight of human nature at its worst!"

At the door of another dwelling, the two Ohio girls were playing with a chubby baby sitting independently alone on the threshold; presently an awkward elder sister appeared, caught up the truant, and retreated, with the bashful invitation, "Ye kin come in, if ye likes."

Nothing loath, the two girls entered, and, accepting seats, began a conversation, monosyllabic at first, but soon increasing in syllables and animation, the loud, downright voices and plentiful interjections reaching the ear of Margaret Morris as she walked up and down on a treasure-trove of plank laid across the wet road-way.

Suddenly the predatory baby appeared again on the threshold, bound for a passing pig.

"Goo-ah-goo!"—he reached the step—"ga-ga!"—he stretched out his fat arms and leaned over.

Impatiently picking up the navigator, and holding him at arm's length, the lady pushed

open th  
his full-  
two da  
the high  
"An  
apiece  
'twarn'  
"No  
ly; "I  
'em!"  
Her  
"I  
yours,  
"Yo  
the mo  
rounsl  
a cheer  
But  
suming  
saw the  
and, af  
ribbon  
with o  
about  
and lat  
elbows,  
"W  
Morris,  
her sli  
such m  
Con  
warm,  
and, p  
suming  
ting in  
tion w  
muscul  
dently  
battle  
"M  
nial co  
smiled  
"D  
don't  
made t  
the gar  
"M  
Marg  
greed  
age wo  
spend  
What  
The  
old on  
pile, a  
hand-b  
great  
plank  
Cap  
the lak  
though  
his tigh  
few co  
short  
capacit  
conic  
passed  
"H  
"H  
"T  
it been  
"F  
"I  
select

open the half-closed door to restore him to his full-blown mamma, who, in company with two daughters, stood lost in admiration over the highly-colored hats of the visitors.

"As I was a-saying, they cost four dollars apiece down to Miss Higgins's store, and 'twarn't dear nuther."

"No, indeed," replied the hostess, warmly; "how I wish Cerinthy had one like 'em!"

Here Miss Morris interposed.

"I found this child on the step; is it yours, madam?"

"You naughty Gustavus John!" exclaimed the mother, shaking the infant wanderer vigorously.—"I'm obliged to you, miss. Take a cheer."

But Margaret had disappeared, and, resuming her promenade upon the plank, she saw the refractory infant tied to the table-leg, and, after some further conversation, bits of ribbon and faded finery appeared, where-with one of the good-natured visitors set about creating a hat for Cerinthy, who, long and lank, leaned over the table on awkward elbows, and glowed with silent delight.

"Wretched, tawdry vanity," thought Miss Morris, wrapping her plain cloak closely about her slight form; "how it sickens one to see such miserable imitations of city frivolity!"

Continuing her exercise until she felt warm, Margaret turned toward the wharf, and, passing down the road, noticed the presuming young man of the beach episode sitting in the rude saw-mill in close conversation with the red-haired proprietor, whose muscular arms, bare to the shoulders, evidently served as important aids in the daily battle with the logs.

"My impertinent friend has found congenial company," thought Margaret; and she smiled as the giant's words reached her ear.

"Dollars is dollars, and cents is cents. I don't get driv off this yere spot until I've made them trees pay me, high, low, jack, and the game."

"Mercenary as well as ignorant," thought Margaret as she passed on. "The pitiful greed of a paltry gain! That red-haired savage would sell his soul for a few dollars, and spend them in whiskey, tobacco, or cards. What a place!"

The weather-beaten captain, a sailor grown old on the fresh-water seas, sat on a wood-pile, and watched the men carrying their hand-barrows to and fro, throwing on the great logs, and sliding down the inclined plank into the bowels of the boat.

Captain Hibbard's face was bronzed by the lake sunshine; his eyes looked afar off as though peering through an August fog, and his tightly-closed lips seemed to let out their few words in the teeth of an easterly gale, so short and sharply they came. In his official capacity Miss Morris recognized him; his laconic answers pleased her, and she seldom passed him without a few feminine questions.

"How much longer do we stop, captain?"

"Hour and a half."

"This is a desolate place. How long has it been settled?"

"Four years."

"It seems strange that pioneers should select such a sandy, uninteresting shore. Is

the wood about here especially good for your purpose?"

"No."

"Then why do you stop?"

"Big Bill."

"Who is he?"

"Owner."

"Of the boat?"

"No; woods."

"Then he sells at lower prices?" said Margaret, profoundly.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Settle his town."

"He lives here, then?"

"Yes."

"It is such a dismal place; how can he stay here?"

"Likes it."

"Is there any school here?"

"No."

"Any church?"

"No."

"Who keeps order in such a community?"

"Big Bill."

"I suppose there is communication by land with the interior?"

"No—swamps."

"What can induce the people to stay?" said Margaret, gazing back at the stumps, the half-burnt trees, the half-melted snow, and the half-built houses of the wholly desolate scene.

"I can," said a voice, and, turning, she saw the proprietor of the saw-mill, and behind him her presuming acquaintance, in whose gray eyes lurked a gleam of merriment.

"Hallo, Bill!" said the captain, as he shook hands with the giant. Miss Morris walked away, and, ascending the plank placed against the deck-railing, disappeared within the cabin.

It was late in the afternoon; clouds covered the sinking sun, and the wind whistled among the leafless trees on shore.

Margaret gazed from the narrow window of her state-room, listlessly noting the thin sides of the horses on the wharf below, the coarse faces of the woodmen, and the wild appearance of the barefooted children. "Wretched little animals," she thought, "growing up like savages, with all the added vices of the white man. What mothers they have, and oh, what fathers!"

As the day declined, she saw the wiry woman coming down the wharf with her four, but they were not unaccompanied; the wood-cutter's wife, in limp skirts, walked beside her new acquaintance, and the Rand's Point children fraternized with the Chipewa band, to the extent of locked arms and joint slices of bread-and-sugar. The crippled boy limped along behind, and in his hand he held a treasure—a red-handled whip, broken but precious, the gift of the wiry woman's eldest-born, Andrew Jackson.

After watching the procession come on board, Margaret closed the window, and seated herself on the backless stool to finish the "Epic of Sonoyta Cañon;" but the sulphurous rhymes could not harmonize with the chilly air, and the gorgeous word opulence

sent a contrasting shiver through the reader's veins as the floating ice came grinding against the steamer's sides.

A fire had been kindled in the cabin, and the clanging bell's announcement of supper brought the passengers together around the narrow table, where Margaret's neighbors were the missionary and his wife, breathless with their labors among the inhabitants of Rand's Point. Pork-and-beans formed the foundation of the meal; and, as Margaret sipped her tea, she watched the supplies disappearing down the ministerial throats with alarming rapidity.

"Another dish of tea, young man," said Sister Smith, wiping her glowing face, and she smiled complacently upon the company as she added, "the flesh needs supportin' after sich an afternoon of labor in the vineyard."

Brother Smith reposed in the shadow of his helpmate, a little man with astonished eyes and meek voice.

"Did you find much zeal among the townspeople?" asked the wiry woman, leaning forward, and looking around the buxom rampart to fix the question with her sharp eye.

"A goodly warmth, marm—enough to start the seed," began the missionary, but his wife interrupted him with her loud voice, and, while she poised the next mouthful of beans upon her knife-blade, replied:

"A blessed zeal, marm; a promising field. You'll see the right kind of fire, marm, at the meeting which we propose to hold here after supper, in which we hope all the passengers will join."

"Can't," thought Margaret, as she left the table; "that stupid little man is bad enough, but his coarse-preaching wife is unendurable."

Retreating to her state-room, Miss Morris tried to read by the fading light, but the shadows darkened the verses, and she went out on deck to watch the night drop down over the water. A few lights twinkled in the houses on shore, and the long waves dashed on the beach with a sullen roar; the sky was dark with a lurid gleam in the west, and out at sea a mist rose in the air, and concealed the outlying islands. It was a dreary scene, and its dreariness cast a gloom over the gazer's mind; vague visions of arctic darkness rose before her; haunting pictures of chaos before light was—more terrible in its blank inertness than the infernal regions. Her life had known no terrors of its own, but unknown terrors thronged around her, and she feared she knew not what, she wept she knew not why. "I am cold and nervous," she said to herself at last. "This lonely Rand's Point has infected me with its miasma; I should grow mad with melancholy if Fate drove me here for an abode. Heaven be thanked, I shall soon be far from these dismal shores! I shall soon turn my back upon this hateful, God-forsaken town forever."

Returning to the cabin, Margaret seated herself near the stove, and made another effort to understand the epic. The little congregation had already assembled—the wiry woman and her four, the two Ohio girls, sev-



eral men from among the passengers, and the presuming young man with gray eyes, who sat beside Brother Smith, turning the pages of a hymn-book. All this Margaret saw, nor could she help seeing the arrival of the wood-cutter's wife with her straggling brood, red-handled whip and all, and the matron in calico, with her blushing Cerinthy, adorned with the new hat. Two or three half-grown youths elbowed each other at the door, and last of all appeared Big Bill, who, after a leisurely survey of the company, drew a chair to the stove, and sat placidly down by Margaret's side to dry his huge boots. Withdrawing from such close proximity, the young lady seated herself at the dining-table and continued her reading, although Brother Smith rose to open the meeting by announcing a hymn, whose verses he read in sing-song cadence, while his wife distributed the hymn-books. Then a full tenor voice began a time-honored melody, and the others joined as best they could, in tune and out of tune, men, women, and children, the two Ohio girls carrying the air with voices of untrained sweetness.

At the close of the first verse, a hand offered Miss Morris an open hymn-book. It was the presuming young man. "Thank you; no," she said, coldly, and resumed her reading. On went the singing, verse after verse, and gradually the discordant elements merged into harmony:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

So sang the little band, and Margaret listened in spite of herself; but when the missionary knelt in prayer, the urgent, half-familiar petition and ungrammatical phrases shocked her city-bred taste. She retreated to her state-room, and stood at the window until the service was over and the congregation dispersed.

Soon the last log was thrown on board, the rope cast off, and, with the usual accompaniments of shouting and whistling, the Chippewa sailed out into the misty lake, leaving Rand's Point alone with the forest and the night.

Lake Michigan is the play-ground of the mists. They gather in the northern hollow, where the unbroken forests come down to the water's edge, and steal southward in silent bands, now playing hide-and-seek between Death's Door and the Beavers; now hanging over the limestone cliffs of the western shore, and now gliding across the shifting sand-hills of Michigan with ghostly rapidity. The Chippewa's head was turned westward, and the mists came down to meet her, borne on the rising wind; the waves dashed against the bows, and the rigging rattled with an ugly sound that penetrated within the warm cabin, and roused a slight feeling of uneasiness among the passengers. But the nonchalant American confidence soon resumed its sway, and within an hour the state-rooms were filled with sleepers, to whom the rocking motion and noise of the waves were but a drowsy lullaby. Margaret Morris could not sleep; the sound of the wind excited her nerves, and, wrapped in a cloak, she stood at the window, peering

out into the darkness with strained attention. The boat labored in the heavy sea, and steadying herself by the casement, she listened to the voices of the storm, the shriek of the wind, the low roar of the waves, and the straining and creaking of the mast and cordage. Now and then she heard a tramping of feet overhead or a hoarse call; but, although separated only a few feet from the water, she could see nothing, so blackly did the night and the mist fill the air. Watching there alone with excited attention, it seemed to her that the storm was increasing in violence; a feeling of awe crept over her, and with a vague longing for human companionship, she passed through the empty cabin, and, drawing back the bolt, stepped out on deck. It was the sheltered side, but the wind whirled her cloak over her head, and seemed about to hurl her overboard. Clinging to the door, she gazed out over the water; and, although its rage was unseen, the dash of the waves sounded fiercely in her ears, and the shriek of the gale swept by like the cry of a living creature. A man passed, holding by the railing.

"Is there any danger, sir?" cried Margaret, catching his arm.

The man paused. "A woman—and out here!" he exclaimed; "you'd better go inside. This is no place for you."

"Is there any danger?" repeated Margaret.

"There's always danger in a storm like this, but I hope we shall weather it out yet. But you'd better go inside."

"In a moment," said Margaret, submissively; "but tell me, please, what is the greatest danger?"

"Well, if the old boat is sound, there isn't much, excepting, perhaps, a collision, as the night is uncommon thick. But it's so early in the season that few craft have got out of harbor, so I'm in hopes we shall get through safely. And now, miss, you must go in," continued the man, opening the cabin, and steadying the lady's steps. As the light fell upon his face, Margaret recognized her presuming acquaintance.

"Thank you," she said, but somewhat slowly, and the man was gone before the words were uttered.

The lustres on the chandelier tinkled with every roll of the boat, and the door of an empty state-room swung backward and forward; the dishes in the steward's pantry rattled and clinked together, and the mirror reflected the pale face of the watcher as she reclined on the firmly-fastened sofa and tried to sleep. But, as she lay with closed eyes, she noted the increasing fury of the sea, and felt the creeping cold. Presently a step roused her, and, turning, she saw the wiry woman with her youngest child in her arms.

"Do you think there's any danger, marm?" asked the woman, anxiously.

"I do not know," replied Margaret; "let us hope for the best."

"At any rate, I guess I'll just dress the children, if you'll hold the baby, marm, a few minutes."

The mother disappeared, and Miss Morris lifted the child, with an odd sense of comfort, as its warm little body filled her arms; a

shawl concealed all deficiencies, and the sleeping face had a peaceful beauty in its round outlines as she bent over it in the dim light. As the boat lurched violently, another door opened, and the face of Sister Smith, surrounded by a frilled nightcap, appeared through the crack.

"Is the storm pretty bad?" she asked.

"I think it is," replied Margaret, gently.

The door closed, and, after a short delay, both husband and wife appeared; and soon the wiry woman joined the group, with her three sturdy boys in hastily-buttoned clothes, and, taking the baby from Margaret's arms, sat down on the opposite sofa. No one seemed inclined to speak, and the noise of the storm drowned the few attempted sentences. At length the suspense grew unendurable to Margaret, and, fastening the hood of her cloak over her head, she ventured out upon the deck again. The darkness was more intense, the wind more fierce, and the noise of the waves more terrific than ever; feeling her way, and clinging to the side of the cabin, she reached the high bows, where a dark group kept watch, below and above, in the wheel-house, with double strength at the wheel, and the strongest eyes and glasses doing their best. Bracing herself behind the ladder, Margaret felt the boat plunge onward, careering fearfully at every blast, righting herself with difficulty, and groaning in every timber. Keeping her footing with some effort, she stood unnoticed in the darkness until some one climbing down the ladder felt her clasping hands, and spoke:

"You again, miss? This biting wind will freeze your hands. You'd better stay inside."

"Let me stay—let me stay!" pleaded Margaret; "that dim cabin is like a tomb. I am not in the way, and, if there is any danger, I would rather face it here."

The man said no more, but, taking his station to the windward of Margaret, partly protected her from the fury of the gale; no other words passed between the two, and, with waiting eyes and ears, the little group on the bows of the Chippewa rode onward through the darkness.

Suddenly they seemed to see a light; it was gone in less than an instant, and the steam-whistle was sounded at regular intervals—a dismal, muffled cry over the waters—to warn off the approaching vessel, if vessel it was, whose light they had seen. But, as the minutes passed, and the ear grew accustomed to the doleful sound, the instant fear calmed down, and the light was attributed to excited imagination. Suddenly there came a something looming over them, a rushing as of mighty wings, a shock, and the crash of splintering timbers; then followed the grinding of the hull, the hiss of escaping steam, and a strange pounding against some unknown object; then the clank of chains and shiver of glass, the shouts of the sailors, and hurried tramping of feet on the upper deck. In another moment screams seemed coming from every direction, women's voices wild with fear, the cries of children lost in the darkness, names called to which no one answered, and, under all, an ominous settling of the hull, more fearful than all else. Paralyzed with fear, Margaret remained clinging

to the ladder, had passed der, and she the stern, and giving a bottom of delirium and cast shouts can by, leaped of this sig and she re fastening was hurri from a pl use on th time to s was lifted "Jump "I cau mortal ter "It is ing. Com the man p opened to and the C masted b into the s driving d hull, tow shore. When, ered her r floating in events of memory, is red lig morse, an her shrin the long p moisture l knowledge opening h el with h her side. crest, and recalled a she realiz awoke.

"Do when the a voice. "Oh, wildly. "I ca say; sav before me "Is th if you wil "I wil you must are lashe med some both; the if you cau of reachi rectly th be daylig some ver Lake Sup broken r time. A head is w talking."



to the ladder. It seemed to her that hours had passed when an arm grasped her shoulder, and she felt herself hurried along toward the stern, the deck swaying under her feet, and giving her a singular sense of falling over a bottomless precipice, like the vivid dreams of delirium. A lantern hung from the railing, and cast a gleam down upon the black waves; shouts came from the left, and a form, rushing by, leaped over into the water. The horror of this sight roused Margaret from her torpor, and she recognized her companion, who, after fastening a rope securely about her person, was hurriedly lashing some planks together from a pile of life-preservers, such as are in use on the Western lakes. Before she had time to speak the work was done, and she was lifted to the railing.

"Jump, with me," said the man.

"I cannot!" cried Margaret, recoiling in mortal terror.

"It is your only hope; the boat is sinking. Come," and, holding the fainting girl, the man plunged forward, and the dark water opened to receive them. Five minutes more and the Chippewa went down, while the three-masted bark, whose prow had cut deeply into the steamer's side, was already far away, driving down before the gale, a dismantled hull, toward the sand-hills of the Michigan shore.

When, after some time, Margaret recovered her senses, she felt that she was dead, floating in the unknown realm of souls. The events of her past life rushed through her memory, every fault, every sin standing out in red light as if written by the finger of Remorse, and they were instantly recognized by her shrinking soul as it gazed helplessly on the long procession. A sensation of cold, and moisture falling upon her forehead, brought the knowledge that she was still in the body, and opening her eyes, she saw the water on a level with her face, and the outline of a form by her side. A wave brushing her feet with its crest, and a plunge of the planks beneath her, recalled a clearer memory, with a sudden cry she realized her position, and the love of life awoke.

"Do not scream; save your strength; when the waves come, hold your breath," said a voice.

"Oh, save me, save me!" cried Margaret, wildly.

"I cannot save you unless you do as I say; save your strength. You will need it before morning."

"Is there any hope? I will do as you say if you will only save me."

"I will tell you the exact truth, and then you must be silent; pray, if you can. You are lashed to some planks, and I have fastened some broken spars so as to support us both; the storm is not so violent now, and, if you can stand the cold, there is a chance of reaching shore, as the wind blows us directly that way. In about four hours it will be daylight, and we may be picked up by some vessel. I was shipwrecked once on Lake Superior, and floated two days on a broken mast, so I don't give up hope this time. I have fastened you securely, and your head is well up; don't waste your strength in talking."

Margaret stretched out one hand and grasped the arm of her companion; his shirt-sleeve was drenched with water, but the sense of companionship seemed to warm her chilled blood and inspire a new courage. So, they floated, poised on the crest of a wave, plunged headlong into dark depths, wet with icy water, and every now and then submerged for so long a time that the pains of death by drowning were repeated and lengthened out to the limit of human endurance. But the love of life is strong, and they were both young, and their veins filled with red young blood; the courage, and above all the experience of the man, subdued the unreasoning terror of the woman, and, for the first two hours, hope battled bravely with despair. Then the woman's heart began to fail, and prayers and cries filled the air. Face to face with Death, she besought him to spare her:

"I am too young to die. I know I have wasted my life so far, but give me a few years more and I will atone—I will learn humility—I will do better," she moaned in half delirium.

Her companion did not interrupt her, and the broken words burst forth at intervals as the long minutes dragged themselves on; but when at length her hand relaxed its grasp upon his arm, and her cries ceased, then, poisoning himself on one side, he leaned over, and shook her shoulders roughly.

"See, it is almost daylight," he cried, in loud tones; "don't be childish, but rouse up. We shall soon reach the shore. Don't you want to be saved, girl?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Margaret, faintly.

"Then turn this way and listen to what I'm saying. Here, give me your hand. Now, then; have you got a father or mother you want to see?"

"I have no father," answered the girl, faintly.

"Where do you live? Speak up, can't you? Don't be so stupid."

"In Salem."

"Salem, Ohio, or Salem, Massachusetts?"

"Massachusetts."

"Dull, dead, old town, isn't it?"

"No, indeed," said Margaret, with a spark of animation.

"And your mother, too; one of those puritanical old fogies, I suppose?"

"The best mother in the world," replied the girl, angrily.

"Well, you see, I only judged her by your own manners. Everybody on the boat was talking about your silly pride, and laughing at you all the time."

"A matter of perfect indifference to me, sir."

"When we are all together again, maybe you'll come down a bit."

"Do you think the others are safe?" asked Margaret, anxiously.

"Safe? I'll warrant that every man, woman, and child is alive and well at this very minute. They'd be ashamed to give up for such a trifling matter as floating a few hours on a plank, when daylight was sure to bring help. I don't know what possessed me to look out for you, but I suppose it was because you were such a poor, helpless creature. What brought you out West, anyway?"

Thus, the pride and high temper of Margaret Morris, lashed into vigor by the sharp questions of the stranger, saved the life of her exhausted body, and the two were still talking when the cold dawn rose slowly into sight, revealing the gray surface of the stormy lake and a blue line of distant shore. The daylight brought new courage, and the forced conversation was no longer needed to keep away a deadly lethargy.

"Do you see any thing of the other passengers?" asked Margaret, as the light increased.

Her companion loosened his hold upon her, and slightly changed his position.

"I've had to keep life in both of us for the last hour, Margaret," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I thought your temper would carry you through, and I wasn't mistaken. I hope you are not vexed; I had to make you angry, you know. It was your only chance."

"Was I near death, then?"

"Another ten minutes and no mortal power could have saved you. You were sinking into a stupor. But all's well now."

Lifting himself cautiously upon his elbow, the young man looked out over the water, and suddenly raised a great cry.

"Hallo, hallo!—here we are! hallo!"

"What is it?" cried Margaret in great excitement.

"A part of the hurricane deck with a number of persons on it.—Hallo! hallo!—Yes, they see us. Hurrah! but it's good to see a man's face again."

Two of the sailors on the wreck had fragments of timber with which they managed to guide their raft toward the floating planks, and as the two parties neared each other, Margaret recognized the captain and mate, the missionary and his wife, the wiry woman with her baby, and a number of boat-hands, all pale and exhausted from the sufferings of the long night. With the dawn the gale had subsided, and the violence of the waves had calmed into the long roll which follows a storm. In a few moments, Margaret was lifted on to the raft, and as the ropes were unbound, and a few drops of brandy poured into her mouth, she felt as though all danger was over, and bowed her head in a long self-communion of gratitude and joy. In time the sun broke through the clouds and shone cheerfully upon the little group, the wind had carried them nearer the shore, and the captain recognized the nearest headland.

"Squirrel's Back," he exclaimed, joyfully; "not very far from Rand's Point. I've been afraid we'd come ashore on the sand-hills, where we'd had our choice between starving and drowning. But, now, if the sea keeps down, we may hope to see our homes again."

"Let us pray," said the missionary, and a prayer went up from the wreck whose heart-felt eloquence brought the tears to Margaret's eyes; "and for those who are missing from among us, we ask Thy aid. If alive, preserve them from the deep waters; and if dead, they are with Thee—help us to say, Thy will be done."

"My boys, my boys!" cried the desolate mother, bowing her head in agony. The baby's hand hung down, and, in her sympathy, Margaret took the little fingers in hers. They

were icy cold. Speechless with alarm, she turned her inquiring eyes toward the missionary's wife, who leaned forward and touched the little hand.

"Dead," she whispered; "but don't tell the mother."

A silence fell upon the group, and Margaret tenderly held the cold little hand, which she remembered so warm against her cheek the evening before, and the tears dropped from her tired eyes.

Another hour, and the cry was raised, "A boat, a boat!" Trembling hands raised handkerchiefs aloft, and the men united in a shout, repeated again and again, until a faint "Hallo!" came back in answer. Soon a large Mackinac boat scudded by at a little distance, tacked, and came down on the other side.

"Big Bill," cried Margaret's preserver; "boys, give him a cheer." A shout rose from the wreck which seemed to fill the sky; they forgot cold, they forgot wet, they forgot fatigue; they remembered only that they were saved, and, wild with joy, they shouted again and again.

"I seed some spars floatin' ashore this mornin', and I was fearful somethin'd happened to yer, it wur sech an uncommon bad night. So I jest come out to look around a bit," said Big Bill, modestly, as he helped the last man from the floating deck; "an' I jest threw in a few little things in case yer might need 'em. Help yerselves."

The little things were bread, meat, and whiskey, which kept the life in the weary group during the long sail home.

"Come right along with me, honey," said a tall woman, clasping Margaret's arm, as, cold and exhausted, she stepped on the wharf of Rand's Point. "Come with me, my dear, and I'll soon make you comfortable."

Reaching with difficulty the door of a log-house near the saw-mill, Margaret fell fainting to the floor, but her companion lifted her easily in her strong arms, and carrying her into an inner room, laid her upon the bed. When Margaret recovered her senses, her new-found friend, Nancy, Big Bill's wife, was bending over the pillow anxiously.

"That's right," she said, with an encouraging smile, "now, drink this;" and the tea seemed a heavenly elixir, although sweetened with dark sugar, and served in a tin cup. With careful hands Nancy changed the wet clothes for dry garments of her own, and, pinning a shawl before the window, left her patient to repose. "Try to sleep, dear," she said, as she smoothed back the girl's long hair with the gentle touch of a rough hand.

Margaret burst into tears.

"You are so good," she sobbed.

"There, there, child; go to sleep. You're clean tired out," said Nancy, with a motherly kiss, and soon the strained nerves grew calm, and the tired eyes closed in slumber.

When Margaret awoke the sinking sun was peering under the shawl, and a fragrant odor filled the room. As she moved, Nancy appeared.

"Awake, eh? That's right. Now jest lay still till I fetch yer something to eat."

In another moment Miss Morris was devouring fried pork and potatoes, and drinking great draughts from a bowl of coffee.

"I never tasted any thing half so good," she said, at intervals; and she spoke the truth, although the food was coarse, and the drink guiltless of coffee, save its bare name. Refreshed and sanguine, she rose, and donning Nancy's best attire, laid out for the purpose, went into the kitchen, where she shared the warmth with her own wet clothing in martial array on the other side. The cabin was empty, but presently she heard the noise of footsteps, and Big Bill entered, accompanied by her gray-eyed preserver.

"As you say, Brown," the host continued, "we'd best have our suppers before we go out ag'in."

"So his name is Brown," thought Margaret.

Here the captain joined the others, and came first to the fire. "Glad to see you up, Miss Morris," he said, cordially.

Margaret rose, and stretched out her hand. "I want to thank you all," she began, "but how can I?" The tears filled her eyes, and the three men stood awkwardly by the stove, and tried to talk of other things.

When Nancy came in to prepare supper, Margaret wanted to help her. "You jest stay in your corner and keep warm; you couldn't help ef you was to try," said the woman, good-naturedly.

While the men were eating, Margaret slipped out the door and walked down a plank into the village street. Every house had its guest, and busy hospitality shone from the hot stoves. One door was closed, and upon its latch hung a bit of black ribbon; the wiry woman lay inside, a broken-hearted mother, and upon a bench was stretched the baby-form arrayed in clean robes from the poor stores of the other mother, who, weeping in sympathy, tended her friend of the previous evening, and hushed her own awe-struck brood.

A Mackinac boat lay in the offing, and another was starting from the wharf. Margaret walked down to the beach, and recognized among the sailors the coarse woodmen and awkward boys who had brought the logs down to the Chippewa the previous afternoon.

"Why do they go out so late?" she said to an old man standing near.

"They've been out all day, and some of 'em will be out all night, in hopes of finding the others," he replied; "after to-night, they'll give it up, and watch along-shore."

"What for?" asked Margaret.

"The bodies—the corpses—you know. They'll begin to wash up by to-morrow or next day."

The lady shuddered, and walked back toward the saw-mill; the rising wind whistled through the trees, and the chill of night filled the air. Reaching the cabin-door, she met the men coming out, and watched them go toward the wharf.

"Are they going out on the lake?" she asked, as Nancy joined her.

"Yes; maybe there's some of 'em afloat yet."

"Are you not afraid to have your husband go?" said Margaret, as she watched young Brown hoisting the sail.

"The Lord will take care of him?" ejaculated the wife, warmly.

"Amen," said Margaret.

The next morning, after a late awakening, Margaret went out to meet a sad procession. The two Ohio girls, rigid in death, had been found lashed to a spar, and trailing behind them, fastened by a rope, the body of the man, one of the passengers, who had tried to save them. Cerinthy's mother, and Cerinthy, her eyes swollen with weeping, came out to receive the silent guests, and, with tender care, bore them within.

At night, the sailors' work was over, and a watch set along the beach. The next day brought the little boys, one by one, and the cripple walked beside his dead friend, with the red-handled whip, like a guard of honor. Then came two of the passengers, and a sailor; the engineer had gone down at his post. On the third morning, the sun shone brightly, and, at ten o'clock, a procession formed in the single street of Rand's Point.

The ground was bare, a soft south wind rustled the naked boughs and told of coming leaves, and the blue lake was like a summer sea. Carefully laid in the wood-carts were a number of rude boxes, the missionary and his wife walked behind, and after them came the captain and mate, Margaret and Mr. Brown, the other passengers and sailors, together with the entire population of the village, except the wood-cutter's wife, who was tending the half-delirious mother. The cemetery was a clearing among the blackened stumps, and, after the bodies had been lowered to their last resting-place, the little group united in singing the hymn whose verses had now a strange significance:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

"We sing here below, while they who so lately sung with us are now with the heavenly choir," said the missionary, raising his eyes, with the rapt look of unquestioning faith, to the blue sky; "we have been so near the King of Terrors that his icy breath has left its mark; some he has taken, others he has left, we know not why. But we shall meet them again; and now let us pray that the lesson of the storm may not have been given in vain."

Another week, and the smoke of a steamer was seen in the offing; the sick woman, too ill to move, was tenderly cared for by her hostess, the captain and mate with the sailors had gone by sail-boat to Manitou Island, the missionary and his wife with Edward Brown had decided to wait for a steamer of the Western Line to which the ill-fated Chippewa had belonged, and Margaret Morris was to pursue her journey alone.

It was twilight, farewells had all been said, and she sat on the deck of the Mohawk, in her shrunken clothes, wrapped in a shawl which Nancy had forced upon her, looking back at the shore, and waiting for the final whistle.

A voice behind aroused her.

"I have brought you another shawl; Nancy was afraid you would be cold, Miss Morris."

"Call me Margaret," said the lady; and

her voice  
another  
"W  
haps yo  
to tell  
to be m  
Margare  
The  
ring fro  
sessed,  
Margare  
"Gi  
she said  
Ano  
tion, th  
shore, a  
her fore

LAD

FLORRY

"As  
to Alice  
must be  
This  
tion wit  
a little  
"Pe  
characte  
says wit  
in ink  
be no w  
"Id  
Florry.  
"So  
would  
So,  
room, F  
said:  
"Mr  
would w  
"Wi  
Sonderli  
you call  
As h  
a wondr  
and toot

"Ha  
"Ple  
the writi  
table an  
sheet."

So o  
monogra  
stance C  
gan to  
per, he  
"It  
nounce,  
hear. I  
"Sm  
of such  
"Sme  
ing down  
is the  
land."

her voice trembled as she gave her hand for another good-by.

"Well, it does come easy, because—perhaps you're not interested, but still I'd like to tell you before I go that—that I'm going to be married next month, and *her* name is Margaret.

The whistle sounded. Hastily drawing a ring from her finger, the only jewel she possessed, a diamond in an old-fashioned setting, Margaret thrust it into Edward's hand.

"Give it to *your* Margaret, with my love," she said, in a low, earnest tone.

Another minute and the boat was in motion, the lights twinkled on the darkening shore, and she had left Rand's Point behind her forever.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

FLORRY AND AMICIA BOTH SUCCEEDED IN FINDING OUT SOMETHING.

"As soon as he comes in," said Florry, to Alice, "I'll make him write it down. He must be able to write."

This was in continuation of the conversation with her sister, of which we gave a scrap a little while ago.

"Perhaps he can only write in German characters," said Alice; "and then what he says will be like a fly that has dipped its legs in ink crawling over the paper, and you will be no wiser."

"I'd make them all write in Roman," said Florry.

"So would I," said Alice; "but then our woulds' don't go for much."

So, when Mr. Sonderling came into the room, Florry fastened on him at once, and said:

"Mr. Sonderling, I wish so much you would write that name down on paper."

"With the highest pleasure," said Mr. Sonderling. "I have here my *Bleintift*, what you call your pencil, in my pocket."

As he said this he pulled out his pencil—a wondrous combination of knife, pen, pencil, and toothpick—and asked:

"Have you paper?"

"Plenty," said Florry, taking him to a little writing-table. "This is mamma's own table and writing-things, but we may take a sheet."

So on a sheet of note-paper, with the monogram of three C's interlaced for Constance Catherine Carlton, Mr. Sonderling began to write; but before he put pencil to paper, he said:

"It is not that I cannot that name pronounce, for I can if I am not bustled. Only hear. It is 'Smeess.'"

"Smeess!" said Florry; "I never heard of such a name. There's no such name as 'Smeess' in all England, I'm sure."

"It vonders me," said Mr. Sonderling, laying down the paper, "such words to hear. It is the most commonest name in all this land."

"Do write it, Mr. Sonderling," said Florry. "I shall think it so good of you if you will."

"Well, then," said Mr. Sonderling, "now for it; here goes. Behold!" and then, with something like an effort, for Florry had told him he must write in Roman, he wrote—Florry looking on all the while—"Amicia Smith."

"Smith!" said Florry. "Now I can understand you; but why did you not say Smith at once, not 'Smeiss' or 'Smeess,' for it sounded much more like the last than the first?"

"Because the organ of the mouth fails me," said Mr. Sonderling.

"Oh, thank you!" said Florry. "So many thanks, Mr. Sonderling!" clutching the autograph in triumph, and running off to Alice.

"What do you think, dear?" she whispered; "her name was Smith before she married. What fun!"

"Now we shall find out all about her, no doubt," said Alice; "but, darling, you know that won't make her a bit less lovely than she undoubtedly is."

"Oh, it is plain she is some low-lived person," said Florry. "Harry shall know it all, and then he won't look at her, however lovely she is."

"We shall see," said Alice, who by this time had her pet lamb, Edward, at her side.

"There she is talking to Harry," said Florry. "I'll go and get something more out of my German friend."

"Mr. Sonderling," said Florry, for he was sitting just where she left him, lost in thought, "will you have some coffee?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Sonderling; "but I have already had him."

"Are you reflecting again?" asked Florry.

"Yes, miss, I reflect. Always I reflect after dinner."

"That's like cows chewing the cud," said Florry to herself; and then she went on out loud: "I wish, Mr. Sonderling, you would leave off reflecting, and tell me a little more about Miss Smith. What was she when you first knew her?"

"I did not know her first," said Mr. Sonderling, rather to Florry's amazement.

"Then I suppose she knew you first?"

"Not so," said Mr. Sonderling. "I did know her father first."

"Oh," said Florry, "I understand. And pray what was her father?"

"He was a doctor and teacher of tongues," said Mr. Sonderling, "and he dwelt at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs at Frankfort-on-the-Main."

"A doctor and a teacher of tongues!" said Florry. "You mean a curer of tongues. He pickled them and sold them; but why should such a man, in such a trade, dwell, as you call it, at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs?"

"That was the very reason," said Mr. Sonderling, "and I thank you, miss, for putting the just word into my mouth. He was both a doctor, and a teacher, and a curer of tongues, and that was why the little deafs and dumbs were so fond of him."

"I can't follow you at all," said Florry, quite out of her depth; "I can't make out what you mean by a teacher and a curer of tongues. Did he teach the tongues after he cured them, and did the deafs and dumbs eat them?"

"By no means," said Mr. Sonderling, with a slow laugh; "for then the deafs and dumbs would have eaten their own tongues."

"What do you mean?" said Florry, in desperation.

"I mean that Dr. Smeess was an English chirurg, who dwelt at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs, and cured their tongues, and taught them to speak justly and righteously."

"Dear me," said Florry, "how dreadful! Now I begin to understand you."

"You should have understood me earlier," said Mr. Sonderling, "for my words were very common."

"And so," said Florry, silently accepting the reproof, "Miss Amicia Smith was the daughter of Dr. Smith, who lived in the Deaf and Dumb College at Frankfort, and attended the inmates and tried to cure them."

"He did not only try," said Mr. Sonderling, "he did often heal their tongues."

"I dare say," said Florry, rather proud of having extracted so much from Mr. Sonderling; "but still he lived in the college as a doctor, and Miss Smith lived there with him."

"Oh, yes she lived there with him." It was a beauteous abode."

"Very, I am quite sure," said Florry. "And so you knew Dr. Smith first, and Miss Smith afterward?"

"Just so. I was a student then, home from Heidelberg for the *Ferien*, what they call the holidays at your educational institutes. I do well remember the first day that I beheld Amicia Smeess."

"Was she very good-looking then?" asked Florry, with an emphasis on the "then," as though she would not for the world admit that she was good-looking now.

"As fair as the dawn," said Mr. Sonderling; "as lovely then, in the spring-tide of her youth, as she is now in the summer of her prime."

"I do not think her at all good-looking," said Florry, taking the bit between her teeth again.

"I pity you, miss," said Mr. Sonderling, fetching a deep "*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" from his breast.

"Have you any thing more to tell me about her?" asked Florry.

"Much, very much," said Mr. Sonderling; "but see, she regards us, and it is a long story."

"Another time, then?" said Florry.

"Yes, another time," said Mr. Sonderling. "Meantime, I will reflect."

Then he sunk back into his dreamy state; and, if he had been alone in his little house at High Beech, we will bet any money that he would have had a pipe in his mouth in half a minute.

"Well," said Alice, looking up at Florry, "any thing more?"

"Only a doctor's daughter," said Florry, with a toss of her head.



You are not to suppose from that toss that Florry Carlton was at all naturally proud. On the contrary, she prided herself as little as any girl in her position could. "After all, we are only a merchant's daughters," she used to say. "Every one knows we came down from town. We are not like the Marjorams, who were cutting their neighbors' throats in Normandy, Brittany, and Flanders, before the Conquest." But, as she disliked Lady Sweetapple for trying to take Harry Fortescue away from her, it certainly did give her great pleasure to think that, whatever she might be now, she was only a doctor's daughter, and that doctor the resident attendant of the "deaf and dumbs," as Mr. Sonderling called them.

While Florry had been pumping the depths of Mr. Sonderling's inner consciousness, Lord Pennyroyal had resumed his economic discussions with Lady Carlton, and had even got down so far in his domestic revelations as to tell her there was no knowing what blacking cost in a large establishment.

"For my part," he said, "I wish there was no such thing as blacking. Whoever invented it was no benefactor to householders."

"I thought it kept the leather from rotting," said Lady Carlton.

"So they say," said Lord Pennyroyal; "but all I know about it is, that I took one of my boots, which split the other day before I had worn it a week—it was a ready-made boot, which I bought in Tottenham-Court Road—to Dr. Smellfungus, the great chemist, and he said it was all the 'blacking.'"

"What blacking do you use?" said Colonel Barker—"Everett's, or Day & Martin's?"

"Oh, no," said Lord Pennyroyal; "I could not afford that. As one's obliged to have it, I make my coachman make it. They say it doesn't shine well; but that's all nonsense—only look at this shoe!"

As he said this, he held up his foot, on which was a certainly very ill-polished pump.

"I'm no dandy," he said, "and never wear patent-leather. The blacking I make is good enough for me and for the harness; but I'm sure that blacking rots the leather. And how much do you think it costs me in blacking all the year round, in town and country?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Lady Carlton. "Five-and-twenty pounds! Think of that!" said Lord Pennyroyal. "Why, it's a small fortune! Last year it was even more, and so I had to lay down a rule that no boots or shoes should be blacked at Farthinghoe Castle or Rosemary Manor after eight o'clock in the morning. Don't you think that's a good rule?"

"But suppose," said Lady Carlton, "any young lady staying with you had a pet pair of boots, and went out, and came home with them muddy, and wanted to wear them again—wouldn't you let her have them cleaned in the middle of the day?"

"No, I would not," said Lord Pennyroyal. "A rule is a rule, and must be obeyed. What's the good of making it, else? At Farthinghoe Castle, all the blacking-pots and blacking-brushes are locked up as the clock strikes eight a. m. The key is brought to my butler,

and it is as much as his place is worth to let any one have it till six o'clock the next morning."

What was Amicia doing while Florry was getting her early history out of Mr. Sonderling? We have seen that at last she looked their way, but she had done a good deal before. Harry Fortescue, as we know, was not half pleased when Florry deserted him for the German's conversation at dinner. The goose! he did not know, though, if he had faith in Florry, he might have guessed it, that she was all the while laboring in his cause. Men never will understand how whole-hearted women are. If they set their hearts on a thing, they try to do it, and mean to do it. Harry ought to have had confidence in the girl who loved him, and neither at dinner nor after dinner ought he to have been in the least put out to see her talking to Mr. Sonderling. Some of you will say that it was a hard trial of her faith; but, if faith is not to be tried sometimes, what in the world is it worth?

But Harry Fortescue was put out; and perhaps the reason was, that he had not quite made up his mind that he loved Florry or Florry loved him. Love is slower of growth in some hearts than in others. He felt, therefore, into the jaws of Amicia, as Florry would have said, and did say to Alice, "eating up our young men as though they were bread."

"It seems a long time since we met, Mr. Fortescue," said Amicia, satirically.

"A long time! why, we are always meeting," said Harry; "we are never parted."

"Yes; but there are meetings which are all partings," said Amicia. "Do you call it a meeting when we never can say a word to one another?"

"This morning—" began Harry.

"Yes, this morning," said Amicia, bitterly. "I suppose it was meeting when we walked down the lime avenue, guarded by five or six people; or at the cottage, in the strawberry-bed; or when I was in the chair, with you on one side, and Mr. Vernon on the other; or when I was in the pony-carriage with Lady Carlton; or when I came back with her in the same way; or when the gypsy was telling your fortune, and you were so silly, drawing your hand back like a big baby; or, last of all, at dinner, when I sat next to that empty count."

Having said all this, Amicia paused for breath, as though she had been a screaming little baby herself.

"But how could I help it, if I had wished it ever so much? I could not dispose of myself. Young men are creatures of Providence, and that Providence is always the lady of the house."

"I wish you were in my house," said Lady Sweetapple, in a half-musing way, "and I were your Providence. I think I could dispose of you very nicely."

"That, at least, was a speech that no young lady could have made," you will all say; and you are quite right; but this is one of the many advantages that widows have—they are supposed to know their own mind, and to utter it boldly. What effect this boldness of Lady Sweetapple might have had on Harry Fortescue, it is hard to say; but Amicia's blood was up, and she thought she might as well try to have it out with the man she loved as to that dark young lady in the background.

"There is something I want to know," she said, in a low, snake-like way, almost drawing out her words; and then, with a sudden dart, "Was that dark young lady's name Price?"

This was said so quickly, that Amicia seemed to have no breath left; and, as for Harry, his breath, too, was quite taken away by the question.

You see, of course, that Lady Sweetapple could now put this question without the fear of being detected in reading addresses of letters in the china desk. The gypsy's questions had made the path smooth for her, and she trod it boldly.

"Price, Lady Sweetapple! What do you mean?" said, or rather cried, Harry.

"I mean what I say," said Amicia. "Is the dark young lady in the background of whom the gypsy spoke named Price?"

"I sha'n't say," said Harry. "It is very wrong, Lady Sweetapple, to put any faith in the words of such impostors. As for Price, it all arose out of her saying that every man had his price. Why you should jump to the conclusion that I have my Price, and that she is the stereotyped dark young lady who plays a part in every gypsy prophecy, I am sure I cannot tell. I will not countenance any such nonsense, and I decline to say any thing about it."

"But is it such nonsense?" asked Amicia; "and can you deny that you know a young lady named Price?"

"It is nonsense," said Harry; "and I cannot deny that I do know a young lady named Price. But what does that signify?"

"It may signify a great deal—to your true friends," said Amicia, purposely lengthening out the latter part of the sentence.

"It ought to make no difference," said Harry. "And, as I decline to give you any information on the subject, I must beg you to say nothing about Miss Price. Take my word for it, you have been led away by the gypsy to find a nest, but it will turn out a mare's nest."

"I don't believe it," said Amicia, angrily; "and I will find out all about it."

"I defy you!" said Harry, rising with great dignity. In another half-minute he was sitting by the side of Florry Carlton.

"I am so glad you have come back to me," said Florry; "I have found out all about her."

"Her! who?" said Harry, in violent fear; for his head was full of Edith Price, and she was the only "her" that depressed his mind at that moment.

"How dull you are!" said Florry. "Why, about Lady Sweetapple, of course."

"Oh!" said Harry, greatly relieved. "And pray, what have you found out about her, that all the world did not know before?"

"Every thing," said Florry. "I know her whole history. She was a doctor's daughter, and her name was Smith. What do you think of that?"

"What do I think? Why, that doctors are very good people, especially when your

health is

old name

"O M

That

had she

least an

ing all

solo to

him agai

she got

people, a

is, that

different

were Hig

make suc

tions, tha

every one

Mr. Rams

some day

will be m

battle."

"Lord R

say, "Wh

woman is

do with s

soon as p

writes on

Ramsbot

You s

to women,

matter as

other as g

ready utte

[

If we

teach

bird-misc

Broderip,

that no p

south of E

True, the

that our

ferior to

the ornith

with the f

said that

the mock-

that the w

want the b

able that,

privilege o

in the moun

this article

modified h

of song an

sweet, com

world, or e

of an ange

The so

States, like

famed for

Wilson and

of the ear

enthusiast

have come

tains, and

have they

of birds as

of cultivate

music, wro

health is good. And, as for Smith, it's a fine old name. I wish there were none worse."

"O Mr. Fortescue!" said Florry.

That was all poor Florry could say. Here had she been talking, from first to last, at least an hour with Mr. Sonderling, and foregoing all Harry Fortescue's delightful nothings, solely to find out something which might warn him against the widow; and all the thanks she got was, "that doctors were very good people, and Smith a fine old name." The fact is, that men look on birth and names in a very different light from women. If a man's name were Higginbottom or Ramsbottom, he can make such a figure in the world by his exertions, that, instead of mocking at his name, every one shall say, "There goes the great Mr. Ramsbottom—he will be lord-chancellor some day;" or "General Higginbottom—he will be made a peer if he wins another great battle." Nay, he might take his title as "Lord Ramsbottom," and every one would say, "What a very pretty title!" But if a woman is born a Ramsbottom, what is she to do with such a name, except to change it as soon as possible, and to be sure she never writes on her cards, "Mrs. Stanley, born Ramsbottom?"

You see, therefore, why names are much to women, and little or nothing to men. They matter as little to one and as much to the other as good looks, as to which we have already uttered our opinion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FOREST-MUSIC.

IF we are to surrender our faith to the teachings of such admirers of British bird-music as Yarrell, Daines Barrington, and Broderip, we must admit without hesitation that no part of earth can compare with the south of England in the songs of the grove. True, the last named of these—while arguing that our "transatlantic groves" must be inferior to those of Britain, because Wilson, the ornithologist, endeavored to colonize ours with the feathered songsters of Europe—admits that we have "that wonderful polyglot, the mock-bird;" and, therefore, says, "Not that the woods of America are mute, but they want the brilliant variety of ours." It is probable that, had Mr. Broderip ever enjoyed the privilege of spending a month of May or June in the mountain-region of Georgia, from which this article is dated, he would have greatly modified his language. For surely the tide of song amid these groves must be *deliciously* sweet, compared with most other parts of the world, or else the orchestra of earth is worthy of an angel's ear.

The southern seaboard of the United States, like the south of England, has been famed for its bird-music. It was there that Wilson and Bartram heard those rich strains of the *scolding* mock-bird that they so enthusiastically describe. Yet many persons have come from the seaboard to these mountains, and have freely confessed that nowhere have they been so charmed with the warbling of birds as here. Many years since, a lawyer of cultivated taste, and especially fond of bird-music, wrote to a brother lawyer of similar

taste, whom he had left in the flat country: "You may say what you will of our mocking-bird—and you will probably say no more than I have—but there is a *thrush* among these mountain-wilds that as far excels our mock-bird in sweetness as that surpasses most other birds."

Let these words suffice to introduce our subject.

The fullest torrent of song is usually poured forth in the morning, for an hour and a half after the peep of day. Then every thing that has a throat and a heart seems to feel under obligation to utter a loud and cheerful song in the consciousness of life. Whether in concert of worship, or in competition as to which shall most joyfully hymn the praises of the Creator, they are all at the full stretch of their powers.

Almost without exception, it is the *male* bird that sings. The order of Nature is, that the female shall make him happy by a well-ordered and successful nest, and that he shall make her happy by his loving songs and faithful attendance. Perhaps a second reason for the unusual flow at that early hour, besides the consciousness of life, is that, after the long fast of the night, the female leaves her nest to obtain food, and that the male then enjoys more of her society than at any other part of the day.

Probably another reason is, that that early hour is the stillest. Man's busy hammering, and wood-cutting, and wagon-driving, and ploughing, has only in part begun, if at all; and it is well known that, as a rule, birds love stillness—at least they hate discord—and that, to the ears of most birds, man's noises are very discordant.

Of the multitude of songsters that enliven the month of June, the one whose voice is heard earliest every morning, and latest in the evening, is the smallest of them all. It is a tiny fly-catcher of the size of a very small sparrow, but of elegant figure and proudly-carried crest. Its fairy-like voice corresponds to its size. You are sure at first that there are *two* birds—loving mates—one of which says something in three notes, to which the other responds in two. These five notes are all its song, repeated every half-minute, for the greater part of an hour; yet they never pall upon the ear. They are not particularly musical; the first three especially are not to be compared with the notes of half a dozen other birds that occupy the forest during the day; but they are so softly *intense*, and are uttered in such a childlike way, so simple, so earnest, loving, and trustful, that when your ear has once been caught by its peculiar cadence, you are almost impatient to hear it again. In the dim twilight, when every warbler has gone to rest, the last two notes of this little bird come to you, from its perch in a lofty oak, reminding you, in its soft "Good-night!" of the expiring notes of an *Æolian* harp.

But we respond "Good-night!" to our sweet little fairy in the oak, and return to the *morning* songsters, from whom we have wandered. It has repeated its early notes but a few times before it is joined by the cheerful blue-bird. This is not large, though eight or ten times the size of the other, compactly

built, and superbly arrayed in a sky-blue coat, with a "robin-redbreast" bosom. It is known as the *Sylvia sialis*, or Carolina blue-bird. Its notes are scarcely so sweet as those of its predecessor, but are so stirring and business-like, and sound so like an out-gush of happiness, as instantly to awaken your interest.

Soon after them come the wrens, of three different species, all sprightly, and somewhat musical, one of which distinctly articulates the letter *s*, followed by a *v*, intermixed in such way with the sound of *e*, that you are sure it is saying "This even!—this even!" or "Deceivin!—deceivin!" you can hardly tell which.

And now comes the torrent, for by this time every tree, and bush, and fence-corner, is alive with music. By yonder brookside, to our right, half a furlong away, the red-bird, or crimson-finch, raises his proud crest, as if conscious of unsurpassable sweetness of note, and rapidly repeats his "Te-o-do!—te-o-do! Chee-chee-chee wee-oo!" accompanied by a twittering fly-catcher, the soft whistle of a field-lark, and the plaintive note of a black-bird, or native starling. At the same time, but at half the distance, there come from a dark ravine to our left the varied songs of two species of mock-bird—neither of them the gray or best-known variety, who seldom leaves his aristocratic perch till the day shines more brightly—with the merry chatter of the crested blue-jay, a perfect monkey among the birds, and the chirp of the tomtit; while from the dead limb of an intervening oak is heard the "Cr-r-r!" of the red-headed woodpecker, and from trees still nearer come the voices of the orioles. These last are of three species, of which two are splendidly arrayed; one in a coat of strawberry-red, so as to have gained the name of the "strawberry-bird;" another with a body of strawberry color, and wings of dark brown, almost black; and the third of red, brown, and yellow. Only one of these is tolerable as a musician. You are almost provoked at the pertinacity of song in them all; but their notes chime into the wide concert like the intentional discords in Handel's "Creation," and help to set off the general harmony.

Just at this stage of the concert usually comes in one or the other—seldom both together—of the two chiefs of song, whom we would call rival *prima donnas*, were it not that they are both males—the mock-bird and the nightingale; and we now forsake the general choir, in order to attend more particularly to them—the leading choristers.

The definite article prefixed, a line or two back, to the term "mock-bird," is, in fact, very indefinite; for in the same groves, and sometimes all uttering their melody within reach of the same ear, are *three distinct species* and one sub-species—all of them thrushes, all mimics, all polyglots. The least esteemed of these, *Turdus niger*, of very dark color, is called the *cat-bird*, from a strong similarity between some of its notes and those of our domestic mouser. A few of its many imitations are more perfect than either of the other species, and some of its notes are very sweet; but it selects with so little taste, and intermixes its sweet notes with such a medley of harsh and discordant ones, as to annoy rather

than please a critical ear. Like the gray mocking-bird, its best songs are given during the moonlight, when it will take its place near your window, and practise its imitations for hours, as if confident that it performs well, and that you are fond of music. It is decidedly the most domestic of the three species, building its nest and rearing its young for successive years, if not disturbed, near human dwellings. But it is "an arrant knave" during strawberry and cherry time, and takes so much more than its share that many growers of small fruits have declared against it an uncompromising war.

The next in order is the russet or reddish-brown thrush, *Turdus rufus*, known by many as the French mocking-bird, and by more still as the *thrasher*, which is probably a corruption of the word *thrush*, though it may have been given in consequence of a peculiar thrashing motion in the bird itself, when scratching among the leaves for worms and insects. It is a larger bird than the others, and is distinguished from them, not only by its coat of russet brown, but by a speckled breast. It is also more shy than they, preferring always the wild forest, and even the lonesome ravine, to the neighborhood of man for its nest and its songs. Like its cousin, the cat-bird, it is a great depredator, though in another quarter. The farmer dreads it almost as much as he does the crow, for it is exceedingly expert and industrious in pulling up the young corn, from the time its first green tip appears above-ground until all the substance of the cotyledon has been diffused into the growing blades. Of course, there is war between the two interests, in which the thrasher is usually the greatest sufferer, and, though this necessity is deeply deplored by the more tasteful fanciers of wild-wood melody, the practical farmer will scarcely be persuaded that any songs can compensate for the thrasher's depredations. Yet its song is exceedingly sweet, as well as varied. Its imitations may not be as extensive as those of the gray mocking-bird—they certainly are not so enthusiastic—but many of the best judges decide them to be both softer and more perfect. An amiable young man of these parts, a tasteful disciple of Wilson and Audubon, used to say of these performers, taking the gray mocking-bird as a standard: "The cat-bird is the mocking-bird with its voice cracked, and the thrasher is the mocking-bird with its voice mellowed." While pencilling the above sketch, one of these birds has been warbling away in a rocky ravine, not two hundred paces from the writer's chair; and, a few evenings since, a little before sunset, three of them together, in an unfrequented grove, were sweetly competing with each other in their evening song. The listener forgot the weariness of a long walk, and stood there until only one voice was left, drinking in the ever-varied melody.

The gray mocking-bird (*Turdus polyglottus*), best known to the world in books, and also in captivity, is of two kinds—one that vaults in singing, and one that does not vault. The first of these, found principally on the seaboard, though not confined to it, is the more highly prized of the two, not because its song is sweeter or more varied—for both

imitate with softened fidelity the note of every bird that has a voice—but because it seems to be swayed by a stronger enthusiasm, and because, in its imitations, it is more apt to put all the notes of the same bird together in one continuous strain, while the other mixes them more into a medley. The vaulter is not quite so large in the body, but is somewhat longer in proportion.

Besides stating the above facts, which are not generally known, no other description of this bird will be attempted. So long as Wilson's inimitable picture of it is extant, any other will be tame, for the verbiage adopted by him almost realizes the graceful sweeping and vaulting of the bird itself. He says:

"The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. . . . His notes consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally interspersed with limitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour at a time; his expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it: 'He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.' . . . The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state he whistles for the dog, he squeaks like a hurt chicken, he repeats the tune taught him by his master, he runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions. . . . As soon as the moon rises in solemn majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the live-long night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable medley."

To this glowing but truthful description the only corrections which need be given respect errors which may be only seeming. Wilson says: "His own native notes" (i. e., not the imitations) "are bold and free, and varied seemingly beyond all limits." But so far as known to the writer, who, ever since early boyhood has been a listener to these songs from the seaboard to the mountains, the mocking-bird has very few original notes—perhaps half a dozen—these being the chirp of the

young bird and its cry for help, the parents' call for strayed fledglings, their note of rage when these have been disturbed, and a cry of distress when themselves caught. Besides these, there may be others, but certainly not many. The captain of a vessel plying between New England and the seaboard of Georgia, who had carried home an uncommonly fine singer, brought it back after several years, that it might recover its early songs, saying that it had forgotten them all, and would now imitate only the pigs and chickens, and the other sounds of its new home.

The gray mocking-bird is easily excited by music. One night a company assembled for social worship in a room where one of these birds occupied a cage on the wall. The singing of the hymn was more than he could stand, and, whether roused by its harmonies or by its discords, he burst forth into his own clear song of praise, and for a time put the human songsters to silence.

Wonderful, however, as the mocking-bird may be for its power of song, and unequalled by any bird on earth, as it certainly is, for its scope and variety, the sweetest bird of this region—probably the sweetest on this side the Atlantic—is the American nightingale (*Turdus minor*). It is not a night-singer, as the word night-gale (*nachtigal*) imports, but it is literally a *lus-cinia*, or twilight songster. The following extract from a "Journal of Odds and Ends," will show the time and associations of its coming:

"April 10th.—First house-fly. 14th.—First whippoorwill, first firefly, first strawberry oriole. 16th.—First nightingale. 19th.—First chimney-swallow.—23d.—First night-hawk."

Beginning with the middle of April, its entrancing song is heard until the heats of July, every morning from the gray twilight until the day grows warm, and from four o'clock in the afternoon until deep dusk, and sometimes is continued through the day.

It has been reported of the celebrated Patrick Henry, that one reason why so few of his speeches have been recorded is, that stenographers could not possibly give an idea of the tone and manner which rendered his language so impressive, and that in fact they were so carried away with his eloquence that they forgot to write. Whatever may be the truth of the above statement about the great orator of Virginia, a similar fact is unquestionably true about this bird; no language can describe its melting notes, its tasteful emphasis, its graceful trills, that take you so by surprise. You must content yourself with saying it is simply delicious. Then again it is scarcely possibly to write while it sings. Two incidents will illustrate these facts. A few days since a lady left her work within-doors, and came to the side of her husband, who was busily engaged in an open piazza, saying:

"I am sorry to interrupt you, but I cannot bear to lose one note of that bird's song."

Not many days before, a rough country boy, who was passing, weary and hungry, from his field-work to dinner, stopped for some minutes to enjoy the rich notes that came from a neighboring tree, then turning to his

1875  
emph  
claim  
"sugar  
thing.  
An  
an un  
warbl  
away.  
power  
array  
breast  
thus c  
turbid  
passin  
appro  
harsh  
compa  
note;  
pare w  
is utter  
count  
other l  
so full  
posed  
mockin  
strains  
numbe  
two of  
peated.  
as to le  
are all  
ing into  
and ter  
like th  
Between  
a succe  
and nev  
and em  
ers pro  
ly enun  
interve  
of the  
sound,  
cups, k  
they re  
sical wa  
furlong  
approac  
(crimson  
Wilson,  
tone, th  
be so su  
a wholly  
Fore  
brought  
of some  
an allus  
plaintiv  
chatter  
the bee-  
bull-finc  
later son  
much to  
it is too

THE

THE  
of  
with per



employer, with a face all radiance, he exclaimed:

"I'd as lief hear that bird sing as to eat sugar!" For him, that was saying every thing.

As these words are written, there comes an unusually rich strain from one of these warblers perched on a tree not fifty steps away. Every note is distinct. Oh, for the power to give a pencil-sketch! There he sits, arrayed in russet-brown coat, with speckled breast, like the thrasher, carolling, and will thus continue for half an hour, unless disturbed by some loud sound or by some one passing too near, for he is very shy of human approach, and so sensitive to discord that any harsh sound will arrest his song. He cannot compare with the mocking-bird in variety of note; but neither can the mocking-bird compare with him in sweetness. As each strain is uttered, you attempt to distinguish and to count them. They are separated from each other by an interval of several seconds, which so fully rest the ear that you are never disposed to ask of him, as sometimes of the mocking-bird, "Will he never stop?" These strains are somewhere about ten or fifteen in number—difficult to count, because one or two of them are favorites, and frequently repeated. Moreover, several are so nearly alike as to leave you at a loss. Indeed, all of them are alike in their beginning and conclusion, being introduced by a peculiar "Qu-uh! qu-uh!" and terminating with a soft, metallic twitter, like the delightful quivering of the canary. Between this prelude and conclusion come in a succession of notes, never less than three, and never more than ten, variously arranged and emphasized, some short and trilling, others prolonged almost to a swell, but all rapidly enunciated. It is the *peculiar ring* of these intervening notes that constitutes the charm of the music. Sometimes they have a *liquid* sound, like that of Franklin's series of glass cups, known as the Harmonica. Sometimes they remind you of the fairy *tinkle* of a musical water, though loud enough to be heard a furlong away. Of all native birds, the nearest approach made to it in tone is by the red-bird (crimson-finch), the Virginia nightingale of Wilson, though to be like it in anything but tone, the luscious notes of the red-bird must be so subdivided and arranged as to express a wholly different style of melody.

Forest-music! My sketch has been brought to a conclusion with a bare mention of some very sweet singers, and without even an allusion to the wild whistle of the quail, the plaintive coo of the dove, the business-like chatter of the kingfisher—the merry chirp of the bee-martin—the sweet, sunset notes of the bull-finch and swamp-sparrow, and the still later song of the whippoorwill—that add so much to the general music. But let them go; it is too late to notice them now.

F. R. GOULDING.

## THE PASSION PROCESSION OF MONACO.

THE little city of Monaco, in the northwest of Italy, is in a delicious region, endowed with perpetual summer. The rocky hills, which

slant high up from the coast, forming in their undulating ascent all manner of romantic ravines and precipices, are girt about the base with an evergreen band of vegetation. The city is built on a rocky promontory running far out into the sea. It was to see its "Good-Friday Procession" that we went there. It was easy to perceive that something unusual was about to take place. Peasants in holiday attire were here and there leisurely stepping down the zigzag footways leading into the main path; comely matrons, whose scarlet kerchiefs, pinned trimly over their heads, revealed the gold ear-rings beneath, were carrying babies or leading children by the hand; old women in serge dresses, above which hung gilt crosses, plodded along; and beves of maidens in picturesque costumes, attended by their swains, tripped lightly on, chatting and laughing gayly. Near the gates strangers were sauntering about, some watching the ripple of the sea, others gathering flowers among the brushwood. A little steamer lay puffing under the rock. It had discharged its freight of sight-seers from Nice, and was moored till its midnight hour of return. "Santa Madre!" said a bystander, at sight of the crowd, "it is well that the sea is calm, and the moon at its full to-night!"

Upon entering the town it is necessary to pass round by the fortifications, thus making the circuit of the place, by a road-way flanked with trees and gardens. Here citizens were collected, loitering about in the golden sunset to watch the arrival of visitors, or catch the evening breeze sweeping in from the sea. Men, women, and children were there, all prepared to enjoy themselves, careless and content. The children especially, were in high glee—bright-eyed, bronzed-cheeked little creatures, to whom each carriage-load of arrivals was a signal for clapping of hands. Whether it be the climate, or the clear sky, or native temperament, these people of the Riviera are certainly the lightest-hearted in the world.

The spectacle of the evening was to be nothing less than a dramatic representation, in the form of an acting procession, of the most august events connected with our faith—events we are wont to meditate upon in our solemn moments, and talk of reverently with bowed head and bated breath; such were to be made free with, for public show, before a crowd composed as we have seen. In describing what took place, I shall rigidly confine myself to stating in simple words the drama as it passed before me. Its points of resemblance and dissimilarity to the "Oberammergau Passion-Play," so minutely described in the newspapers during the past year, but with which it has connection no nearer than the common source from which both are drawn—the "Passion Procession" of Monaco being more than eight hundred years the more ancient, and producing a series of *actions* instead of *tableaux*—will be interesting to all who are accustomed to trace events back to their causes.

The "procession," which consists of as many divisions as there are acts or scenes to be performed, collects in a church called *La Capella*, and, moving out, defiles slowly through the different streets, rests half an

hour in the court-yard, and eventually passes on to the cathedral. It stops on its way at every few paces, each section of it performing its part of the solemn drama in the narrow street, by the flickering light of torches, and then passes on.

It was about half-past seven that, sallying forth from our hotel, we found ourselves in a little open space, toward which the stream of sight-seers seemed tending. Here, becoming entangled in the fringe of a crowd which had assembled around the doors of *La Capella*, we disengaged ourselves, and retraced our steps a short distance, into a more quiet neighborhood, moved to do so by the fact that the crowd was getting turbulent and impatient, in its expectancy of the speedy opening of the doors to let the pageant pass through.

The city was nearly in darkness. Brief southern twilight had faded off into night. The moon had not risen. Indeed, had it been high in the heavens, a glimmer of light could hardly have penetrated into these narrow streets, where the masses of buildings rise so high on either side that the slanting rays would only run along the upper stories, and leave the rest in gloom. However, in the street whither we had wandered, almost every window on the lower stories was illuminated by a Venetian lantern hanging from its sill, the effect of which was not only to light up with uncertain reflection the long vista of faces expectantly leaning out, but to impart a festive aspect to the scene. The way was so narrow that laughter and conversation could cross easily from side to side; and here and there long reeds had been so placed, with each end in opposite windows, that lanterns could be suspended to shed light upon the middle of the street.

We stood in the corner of an old groined archway spanning the street, under which the procession must pass, and where, for one station, its acts would be performed. Presently lights appeared at the corner, torches gleamed, and a forest of banners and spears, pikes and broadswords, bayonets and rapiers, were glancing in the flashing beams. They came on slowly and imposingly.

At the head was a centurion of the Roman guard, on horseback—an ill-favored man, in a huge helmet, dressed in white tunic and sandals. He wore a collar of pearls round the neck, and his wrists and arms were encased with gaudy bracelets and rings. Flourishing a sword he rode on, accompanied by a guard of some dozen soldiers in Eastern attire. The poor horse looked the most miserable of this party. His quiet ways had evidently been doubted, for blinkers had been fixed over his eyes, and a man was stationed at each bridle.

The first section of the acting procession was that which represented the "Fall." A young acolyte came foremost, bearing aloft the branch of a tree laden with oranges. Two children followed: Eve, a pretty, black-eyed little girl of ten summers; Adam, a boy of about the same age, clothed from head to foot in white—satin shoes, smalls, and a silken doublet, trimmed all over with ribbons; a wonderful dress, difficult to understand either from a natural or mediæval point of view.

Close behind these strode the angel, trying to look grave and solemn—a fair little creature, apparently Eve's sister, and dressed much as she, save that two wings sprouted out of her diminutive white frock, while she carried a formidable sword in her hand. When underneath the archway the group halted, three torch-bearers drew around, and the act was gone through. Eve, reaching up her arm, plucked an orange, and smilingly presented it to Adam, who made a show of resistance, but, afterward yielding to the temptation, was eventually driven back, in company with Eve, by the angel. They then passed on.

The "Annunciation" brought onward another angel, similarly attired, bearing in her hand a lily, who ran up and presented the same to the virgin, a maiden of fourteen, draped in blue and white, veiled and apparently deeply intent on the study of a book of prayer. On being saluted, she cast up her eyes to heaven, with a gesture of adoration, and they too passed on.

And now, amid the glare of torches, there came painfully toiling along a man personifying Jesus. His dress, similar to that often portrayed, was girt about the loins with a rope, and revealed him to be barefoot and bleeding. As if from exhaustion, he stopped under the archway, and a mimic angel ran up to present him a chalice that he might drink. It was the going out from Gethsemane that was imaged forth—Roman soldiers pricking him on with their spears, the populace dragging at the rope that girt him, and Peter striking at Malchus, and cutting off his ear. James and John followed; and Judas, with ill-favored looks, came after, jingling a bag of money.

Next in order there passed Herod, his white-satin shoes and silk leggings, his scarlet mantle and purple train, borne up by four pages, his crown-set turban and servant-supported parasol, all belonging to any thing rather than the Roman period of Palestine, and his accompanying body-guard of sandalled and helmeted soldiers. This division of the procession, and others following that need not be mentioned, in which the actors required no halt in order to perform their parts, moved slowly along. Then came the "Flagellation," represented by a man girt with a knotted rope, his hands tied behind him, plodding heavily along with a stake on his back, struck at continually by soldiers bearing thongs; then the *Ecce Homo*, walking alone, in clear space, step by step, his hands grasping a reed for sceptre, his head bleeding from the crown of thorns, and a scarlet toga falling from his shoulders; and then the portly Pontius Pilate, toga-clad and otherwise appropriately attired, washing his hands in a slave-borne ewer, as he trod the pavement with an air of dignity—the lictors carrying the *fasces*—boys bearing spear and pincers, nails and hammers, ladder and wrench, sponge and spikes, as symbols of the Passion—and the two ill-favored thieves! There was a strange fascination about all this, hard to describe or explain. It may have been a kind of terror at the rude freedom with which such awful subjects were handled. There, under the dark archway, in the torch-light, stood revealed the form and semblance of one associated in

the mind with all that was solemn and sublime; but the inevitable incongruity in features and bearing with the ideal excited disgust and indignation.

The most solemn and complex scene of all—that is, in which living characters took the principal parts—was that representing the "Via Crucis," Christ bearing His cross on the way to Calvary. This was carried out as it is often portrayed in pictures. A man wearing a crown of thorns, in the conventional dress of our Saviour, came toiling along under the weight of a heavy cross, whose transverse bar he bore on the right shoulder. Two grim jailers walked before him, leading him with a chain. Simon, the Cyrenian, followed, lifting the extreme end of the beam so that it should not trail on the ground. On either side marched a file of Roman spearmen. This act was played with painful precision. The weary cross-bearer, overcome with suffering, stumbling from exhaustion, and often falling beneath his load; the tender compassion of Simon, and his efforts to share more of the weight of the cross; the spearmen goading on the sufferer, or gathering round when he fell, to prick him with their spears; the jailers dragging at the chains of the fallen man to compel him to arise and move on; the women that accompanied him weeping along the way; the little angel offering a chalice of wine; and St. Veronica wiping his face with the *sudarium*—exercised even on Protestant observers a strange and undefinable fascination.

The *sudarium*, as is generally known, is a handkerchief with which St. Veronica (so says tradition) wiped the sweat from the face of our Saviour when, carrying the cross on His way to Calvary, he fell fainting under its weight. This handkerchief, which is said to have miraculously preserved the impress of our Lord's features, is treasured up at St. Peter's in Rome, and exhibited with great pomp to the faithful yearly at Easter.

Hitherto a living man had personified Jesus in all the acts of the procession; but now came the scene of the Crucifixion; and here, on the cross, an effigy was substituted. Some remnant of right feeling possibly prompted this, and made the actors hesitate in their dreadful parody. Immediately behind the crucifix—at which Roman soldiers launched their spears—followed the three Marys, veiled from head to foot. Beside it walked an angel, with a cup to receive the blood as it trickled from the wounds caused by the spear. Peter, James, and John, next succeeded, bearing the cerements and linen cloths. And then St. Catherine of Alexandria with her wheel. St. Catherine, it will be remembered, was tied to a wheel and tortured for her faith in Christ; but this, as it spun around, miraculously breaking, flew into the faces of her persecutors and killed them. Nevertheless she was afterward martyred, and angels carried her body through the air to Mount Sinai, where a convent was raised over it.

And now in the procession there came walking along a goodly number of saints and angels dressed in the strangest costume imaginable; the latter, little children, very proud of their wings and white-muslin attire, were garlanded with flowers; the former were men

dressed as monks. These all preceded the dead Christ—a wood figure of life-size—that was borne in a bier upon men's shoulders, while around it burned a forest of candles, and over it was borne by acolytes an embroidered canopy, sumptuous with color and gilding. Heads were uncovered and bowed down, and knees bent in worship, as the cortege passed slowly along. Then came an effigy of the Virgin with a jewelled glory around her head; then a fine band of music playing slow marches; then the twelve Apostles, walking two and two, each bearing a palm-branch; and then a train of monks and friars chanting the fifty-first Psalm, "Miserere mei, Deus," a dirge whose solemn notes were taken up at times by those on before, and echoed at intervals from all parts of the line.

When the procession, after winding its course through the streets of the city, finally emerged into the great square in front of the prince's palace, and took a circuit therein in order to arrive at the gates of the latter, the moon had risen. Its contrasted light with the ruddy, flickering blaze of sundry cressets that had been set up, and with the moving torch-light, invested the whole scene with a certain air of solemnity, which was heightened by the fitful wall of the "Miserere" rising up into the still night. This was, perhaps, the sole interval, during the evening, of any thing approaching dignity of sentiment in the whole affair.

The prince and his household had assembled in a balcony to witness the procession as it filed through the gates into the spacious court-yard of his palace. This done, the various sections broke up, and the actors rested awhile on their journey—a very necessary halt after two hours' marching under the weight of crosses and other burdens. During this interval, refreshments were served out, and each one, laying aside for the moment his or her distinguishing emblems, betook in haste to recruit for that which still remained to do. It was a strange sight. Some were leaning against columns, smoking cigars—some, seated in groups, discussing by torch-light the prince's entertainment—and others were adjusting their clothes or shifting their disguises. Little Eve's mother was busy with her tired and sleepy child, ministering to her with a mother's carefulness and pride.

I went to one and another of the groups, questioning here and there a person on the character he had assumed and the subject he acted. Replies, for the most part, were intelligent. To the actors there was no incongruity in the spectacle, as there certainly had not seemed to be among the crowds of spectators during the evening. But, as to its being religious in the throng generally, no suspicion of solemnity was visible. It was to the people simply a carnival. They were amused at the pageant—that was all.

Finally the scattered bands, gathering up their ranks, betook themselves, in order, to the cathedral—a fine old structure—and, entering, were greeted by the strains of a triumphal march. There, in the brilliantly-lighted nave, they grouped themselves around the canopied effigy of the dead Christ raised

on an  
priests  
friend  
to the  
conclu

"GO

By R

AN  
all pro  
deep d  
happily  
here) s  
and pi  
suppos  
food w  
the ch  
told na  
the arc  
yawned  
month.  
less lar  
Pontre  
the na  
only a  
of all b  
I had  
would I  
to even  
have in  
up gun  
est pit.  
village  
a silent  
—white  
God's e  
green g  
tains!

The tre  
hills st  
are at t  
having  
have be  
a good  
at least  
infinity.  
pleasur  
snow.  
have ex  
day we  
room, a  
general  
bare, li  
carpet  
of carp  
squares  
There h  
all day  
comprel  
large sh  
noon n  
We hav

on an altar, while the crowd closed in and the priests officiated. Further I know not. My friend and I made our way through the aisles to the threshold, gained a last look at the concluding spectacle, and returned home.

N. S. DODGE.

## "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

AND now we have done with Bergun; in all probability we shall see its little eaves and deep doll's-house windows never again. How happily might one (one is not equivalent to I here) spend a honey-moon among its rocks, and pine-slopes, and flowered fields, always supposing that one had brought one's own food with one. I confess to an opinion that the chicken's black skeleton, and the untold nauseousness of the Sassella, would cool the ardor of the warmest pair that ever yawned and fondled through the conventional month. We are still, however, in the foodless land of the Eugadine; we have reached Pontresina. It is a long name, is not it? But the name is longer than the place; it is only a cluster of houses, white as the defacer of all beauty, whitewash, can make them. If I had had the world's reins in my hand I would have put him that invented whitewash to even a feller death than that which I would have inflicted on the twin-demons who brought up gunpowder and electricity from hell's lowest pit. At the foot of a long, stern hill the village humbly crouches, while round it stand a silent, solemn conclave of great mountains—white-snow spires reaching heavenward—God's church-steeple; while far off a gray-green glacier dimly shines. O mighty mountains! you coldly awe me with your

"aloof and loveless permanence."

The trees cluster in the valley, but the great hills stand bareheaded before God. Here we are at the little Hôtel de la Croix Blanche, having taken root among the whitewash. We have been here a week, and we have yawned a good deal. The season has hardly begun—at least for the English—and it has rained an infinity. We have even had the doubtful pleasure of seeing flakes of unseasonable snow. There are no books to be got, and we have exhausted our few Tauchnitz novels. To-day we have grown tired of our own sitting-room, and have strayed objectlessly up to the general *salon* at the top of the house. It is a bare, light room, whitewashed, of course. A carpet would be pleasant to-day, but no rag of carpet is there; only aggressively-clean squares of deal, intersected with red-pine. There has been a wedding-party in the house all day; their all-pervading din and to us incomprehensible Romansch mirth have had a large share in driving us upward. It is afternoon now, and, thank God, they are gone! We have been standing out in the balcony,

watching their departure, as they pack themselves into their shabby-hooded carriages, garlanded with dusty green wreaths. Yes, they are gone; the arm of each gawky youth, with ostentatious candor, clasping the solid waist of his maiden. Now, that they are gone, Sylvia retires inside, grumbling and shivering.

"Had not you better go in, too?" I say to Lenore; "it is very damp. You will never get well if you do not take more care of yourself."

"Why should I get well?" she says, querulously. "I do not want to get well; what object in life should I have if I were well? Being ill is something to do. I can be interested in my symptoms and my tonics; I would not be well for worlds."

I look at her compassionately—at her sharpened profile; it is getting a look of pinched and suffering discontent. Where is its lovely debonaire roundness? Alas! even since we left Bergun it has been slipping—oh, how quickly!—away.

"You may get me a shawl if you like," she says, presently, "and a chair."

I reënter the *salon* to fetch them. Sylvia is sitting with the landlord's book of dried plants before her, lamentably turning over the leaves. At the best of times nothing can be more melancholy than a dried flower—a colorless skeleton, without any likeness to itself. One ought to be in the best of spirits to look at such a collection as is now engaging Mrs. Prodgers's slack attention. I return with the shawl—a heavy and warm one—and wrap it about my youngest sister, and then remain by her side, vacantly gazing at the view. The rain has ceased, but the clouds still hide the top of the glacier-mountain; one tiny cloudlet has lost its way, and is wandering about near the hill-foot, slowly evaporating, and losing its thin life. The balcony where we are is much higher than the opposite houses; it can look magnificently down on their roofs. They are a queer little row; not in a line at all, but each seeming to be shoving and elbowing its neighbor, in order to get forwardest; in the narrow street below a man is leaning against a door-post, smoking a long pipe; another is sweeping the round stones of the pavement with a besom. Nor can one possibly get up any interest in either of them.

"I do not think Kolb behaved quite honestly about this place," says Sylvia's voice dolorously, from the interior; "somehow one never can get foreigners to speak *quite* the truth—he certainly told me distinctly, when I asked him, that one might always wear *demi-saison* dresses here."

We are both too much depressed to join even in abuse of Kolb's mendacity. Several more leaves turned over; a heavy sigh.

"I wish the Websters were here; they talked of going abroad this summer. I will write and advise them to come here."

"Rather a case of the fox that had lost his tail," I say, laughing dismally.

"Tell them not to bring any *demi-saison* dresses," subjoins Lenore, sarcastically.

Several moments of forlorn silence. Sylvia has finished her book, and with a vague and mistaken idea that we have got some little piece of amusement that we are privately *worrying* without giving her information of

it, she issues forth a second time and joins us. We are all in a row, like three storks standing on one leg on a house-top. The cloudlet has quite melted; there is not a trace of it. I wish I could melt too. The man has stopped sweeping. Suddenly—no, not suddenly—gradually a sound of distant wheels and bells salutes our ears. A vehicle of some kind is approaching at a brisk trot from the direction of Samaden.

"Coming *here*, do you think?" I say, with a spark of animation shooting, as I feel, from my lack-lustre eye.

"No such luck," answers Lenore, gloomily.

"No doubt it is going on to 'The Krone,'" says Sylvia, peevishly. "Everybody goes to 'The Krone.' I wish we had gone there. It was all Kolb's doing."

The bells ring louder, the horses' hoofs stamp the stones more distinctly; it is in sight. Yes, a carriage, twin-brother to our own late one, only that it is shut on account of the weather; four horses, piles of luggage, dusty tarpaulin. A moment of breathless suspense; we all lean over the balcony as far as our necks and heads will take us. Yes!—no!—yes! Far down in the street, right under our eager eyes, it is pulling up.

"My heart was in my mouth!" says Lenore, smiling a broad smile of relief. "I thought it was going on to 'The Krone.'"

"We are too high up here," I say, excitedly; "we should see better from our own windows."

Hereupon we all rush violently, helter-skelter, down-stairs to our sitting-room, which is on a lower floor. Only one window gives upon the street; it is small, but we all huddle into it. M. Enderlin, the landlord, letting down the steps; Madame Enderlin courtying; Marie and Menga hovering near, ready to carry out parcels.

"*Maid*, of course," I say, as the first occupant slowly emerges. "She looks rather wet; evidently she was in the *coupé* with the courier, and they only took her inside because it rained."

A man's legs and a wide-awake, then a great deal of golden hair and a plump, smart woman's figure. Being above them, we see none of their faces.

"Nothing looks so nice for travelling as those French lawns, trimmed with unbleached Cluny," says Sylvia, with pensive envy; "they never show the dust."

"Bride and bridegroom," say I. "What a bore! They will not do us much good; they will be swallowed up in one another."

"They look like *people*, however," says Sylvia, by which expression she means to intimate a favorable opinion of the new-comers' gentility. "If they are nice," she continues, "I mean, really people that one would like to know—and Kolb could easily find out that—we might make a party to go up Piz Languard with them."

"There is some one else with them," cry I, eagerly. "Surely they cannot have taken their parents to *chaperons* them!"

"Like the people at Dinan," says Lenore, dryly, "who went a wedding-tour *à l'anglaise*, and took the bride's mother and the bridegroom's with them."



A fat but nicely-booted female foot slowly treads the step, and then the ground; it and its fellow support a form of shapely, mature portliness. Having descended, this last figure lifts its face to look at the little cross swinging out as the inn-sign in the street.

"Good Heavens!" cries Lenore, emphatically.

"Why that pious ejaculation?" say I, gayly, my spirits having gone up fifty per cent. at the prospect of human companionship.

"Did not you see?" breaks out Lenore, excitedly. "Do not you know who they are?"

"Not I. How should I?"

"Why, old Mrs. Scrope, to be sure—Charlie's mother."

"What! all three of them?" I say, derisively. "My dear child, you are dreaming."

"Impossible!" says Sylvia, straining her little neck out of the window to catch a last glimpse; but they are gone. "You have such a mania for seeing likenesses that no one else can! How could you tell? one only saw their backs."

"And should not I know my own mother-in-law's back among a hundred?" says Lenore, with sardonic mirth.

"Oh, if it was only her back," I say, with a sigh of relief, "I do not mind; all old women's backs are much alike."

"Are they?" says Lenore, with a grim smile. "I do not agree with you; there are backs and backs; but I do not confine myself to backs—I saw her face, and my ex-mother-in-law's it was, I am sorry to say."

"And the other two were the married daughter and her husband, I suppose?" I say, a painful conviction that Lenore is speaking truth forcing itself on my mind. "Now that I think of it, there was something familiar to me in the broad gold arrow she wore in her hair."

Silence for a few moments, while we stare at one another blankly.

"I wish they had gone on to 'The Krone' now," says Lenore, dryly.

"If we wait to go up Piz Languard till we go up with them," I say, with a vexed laugh, "we shall remain some time at the foot, I think."

"How glad they will be to see us!" cries Lenore, breaking out into violent merriment, that does not, however, express any equally violent enjoyment, "considering that last time they saw us they left us with the Elizabethan sentiment that 'God might forgive us, but they never would,' or words to that effect."

"I declare I do not know what you are laughing at," says Sylvia, pettishly, with her eyes full of tears; "it is a great thing to be easily amused; as for me, I see nothing amusing in it! This sort of thing never happens to any one but me; really good people, that one would have liked to know *en intimes*—"

"Listen," I say, leaving the window and approaching the door, "they are coming up! I hear Madame Enderlin's voice."

"We shall be always meeting them on the stairs," says Sylvia, lachrymously, "and I de-

clare I shall no more know how to behave—very likely they will take their cue from me—whether to stop and shake hands, or bow and pass on—"

"Stop and shake hands with the man—bow and pass on to the women," says Lenore, promptly; "men are always kind."

"As for you," retorts Sylvia, turning upon her with a tearful spitefulness, "in your case there can be no difficulty; they will cut you, of course, out and out—*dead*—and really, considering all things, one cannot blame them."

"Of course they will," replies Lenore, calmly, though her color deepens; "I should think very meanly of them if they did not."

"And you" (speaking very rapidly, while the large tears still roll helplessly down her cheeks), "what will you do? how will you take it?"

"Do?" says Lenore, with a little dry laugh; "what is there to do? I shall be cut, I suppose, and try to look as if I liked it."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

"*MADAME est servie!*" says Menga, half an hour later, opening my door, and putting her head in.

"Do not go without me!" cries Sylvia, eagerly; "wait for me. Did you ever see anybody so silly as I? I am trembling all over—like a leaf—feel!"

"Lenore is not quite ready," I say.

"We will go without her," rejoins Sylvia, quickly; "why should not we? They will be more likely to speak to us if she is not by."

I shrug my shoulders. "I suppose one must begin to be civilized again," continues my sister, holding out one plump and shapely arm for me to clasp a bracelet on. "It is astonishing how soon one gets out of the way of it! Certainly it is cold; but bundled up in a shawl one looks as if one had no more shape than the Tun of Heidelberg."

We descend. The few visitors are collecting in the hard-scrubbed *salle à manger* round the snow-white table.

"How my heart is beating!" says Sylvia, as we stand at the door about to enter; "look and see whether they are down yet."

I peep. "Yes, there they are; and, as ill-luck will have it, their places are next ours; you need not have taken off your shawl; they have both shawls, and the husband—what is his name?—I never can recollect—Lascelles, is not it?—is in his great-coat. There is no help for it; if we wish for food, we must go into the lion's jaws to get it."

As we approach, it becomes evident to us that the fact of our presence has been previously revealed to the new-comers. As we reach the table they just look up, and bow—gravely and slightly, it is true; but still they bow. Old Mrs. Scrope holds her little hooked nose—gently, not Jewishly hooked—rather more aloft than usual, gathers her

shawl with a chilly gesture about her, and says across the table to her daughter:

"I wonder why they do not light the stove?"

Mr. Lascelles rises and shakes hands heartily, and says:

"How are you? Deuced cold, is not it? How long have you been here?"

Everybody but Lenore is down; the little *bourgeois* German family—father, mother, two daughters, the mild and hawering English old maid in noisome cameo brooch and hair bracelet, who spends her life in marauding about the Continent in virgin loveliness; the Cantab, who has been climbing every high mountain in the neighborhood, till all the skin is peeling off his blistered, scarlet face—here they are, all of them, each eating soup, if you like to call it soup, after his several manner. It is weak and nasty stuff enough, one would think, but apparently too strong for the German stomachs; at least, having nearly finished their share, they call for hot water, pour some into their plates, and begin to ladle it up into their mouths.

"I had better go and call Lenore," I say aloud to Sylvia, purposely speaking the obnoxious name to see what effect it will produce. "I cannot think what has become of her."

As I speak she enters. As she comes hurriedly across the room with a sort of nervous defiance in her face, I look at her curiously, trying to see her as a stranger would. Surely there can be nothing very provocative of wrath—of conciliation, rather—in her altered look. Even to me, who have watched her daily, hourly, she seems ill, shrunken, drooped. How much more to them who have not seen her since—six months ago—she shone upon them in the healthy bloom of her delicate ripe beauty! Poor soul! Now that her strength is gone and her fairness waned, can they be angry with her still? As they rather *feel* than see her approach, I am sensible of a sort of ladylike stiffening and drawing-up on the part of the two women.

Mr. Lascelles is fully occupied in making faces at his soup. The dead cut Sylvia predicted is imminent. As she slips into her seat, the only one left—one next Mrs. Lascelles—with eyes determinedly downcast, and an uneasy red look, half challenging, half deprecatory, on her face, curiosity gets the better of their dignity, and they both glance at her. I see them both start perceptibly. Yes, they have noticed it too. Alas! the change is too patent to escape the careless, hostilest eye. With a sudden impulse they both bow, as they had bowed to us, slightly, unsmilingly, without the smallest attempt at cordiality, but still quite politely.

"Deuced cold, is not it?" says Mr. Lascelles, turning, with an air of the greatest friendliness to Sylvia; man-like, happily and sublimely ignoring the squabbles of his woman-kind; and, rubbing his hands, "when last I saw you, it was deuced cold too; we were as nearly as possible snowed up on our way back to London—do you remember, Blanche?"

At this happy allusion to our last merry meeting we all wax deeply, darkly, beautifully red.

"Is it always cold here?" asks Mrs. Las-

celles, rushing hurriedly, and quite contrary to her original intention, as I feel, into conversation with me.

"It has been cold since we came, but we are hardly fair judges yet; we have only been here a week; I am told that it is a remarkably healthy climate," I answer, stiffly and tritely; my besetting sin always being a tendency to sink into an echo of Murray.

"It has been *arctic*!" says Sylvia, to her neighbor, with a plaintive upcasting of her eyes to his face, "positively *arctic*! How I envy you your great-coat!—nothing so pretty as beaver" (stroking it delicately); "naturally, we left all our furs behind us."

"One peculiarity of the climate," say I, addressing everybody, in a monotonous recitative, "is, that meat killed in the autumn dries of itself in the course of the winter; it is considered an excellent thing for making blood, and looks like sausage."

"Is not it too cold for you?" Mrs. Lascelles asks, pointedly addressing her question to Lenore, and speaking with a compassionate inflection in her voice.

Lenore blushes furiously.

"For me!" she says, stammering, and looking surprised, "for—for all of us; we all shiver."

No one makes any rejoinder.

"It is a wonderful climate for consumption, I believe," continues Lenore, speaking hurriedly and hesitatingly, as if not at all sure of the reception a speech from her may meet with. "A clergyman in the last stage came to St. Moritz last year, and is now quite recovered; not" (looking round with a nervous laugh) "that that need be any great recommendation to any of us, I hope."

Again they look at her, with an unwilling startled pity in their healthy, prosperous faces. The German father is dexterously whisking his beef-gravy into his mouth on the blade of his knife, at the imminent risk of slitting his countenance from ear to ear; the Cantab is reluctantly turning his peeled nose and flayed cheeks to the old maid, who, gently blinking behind her spectacles, is addressing him.

"A happy deliverance!" cries Sylvia, stretching herself on the sofa in our sitting-room, when at length we attain that haven, dinner being ended. "Nothing *prostrates* one so much as these little social ordeals! Did you see how I cultivated the husband? I do not think they quite liked it."

I am looking out of window, and contemplating Mr. Lascelles's back, as he stands on the door-step talking to Kolb, and banging his arms together like a cabman, to keep them warm. I can feel, by the expression of his shoulders, that he is for the third time remarking that "it is deuced cold."

"If he had his own way, he would be always with us, in and out, in and out," continues Sylvia; "one can foresee that. But no doubt he will not be *let*."

"What a thing it is to be thin!" cries Lenore, with a rather bitter little laugh. "If I had been fat and well-looking, they would have cut me dead. If I gain in favor in the same ratio in which I lose in flesh, they will soon be thoroughly fond of me." I turn

from the window with a sigh at this speech.

"There is something very affecting in having a thing like a bird's-claw held out to you, is not there?" continues she, looking with a sort of pensive derision at her own hand, first opening it and then clinching it, to see how strongly the knuckles and bones start out.

"Do not!" I say, crossly. "I wish you would not!"

"In books," continues she, "whenever people on their death-beds lift up their thin hands, or hold out their thin hands, one always begins to cry, don't you know?" I laugh, but not very jocundly. "If they could hear the way in which I cough at night, I am not sure that they would not kiss me," says the young girl, with a sarcastic smile.

"How extraordinarily like Charlie his sister is!" says Sylvia, sitting up on the sofa. "What are you looking at, *Jemima*? Any new arrivals? Thoroughly *bon genre* they all look. Say what you will, blood must show."

"As the old maid said when her nose got red," retorts Lenore.

"A plain likeness, of course," pursues Sylvia, not deigning to heed this profane illustration. "Blanche Lascelles is too much of a *peace-and-plenty-looking* woman to please me—too *redundant*, don't you know? I confess to liking to see people keep within bounds; but she is growing so enormously large, she will soon be all over everywhere."

"Perhaps it is *bon genre* to spread," says Lenore, mockingly; "who knows?"

"She put me so much in mind of him that it was on the tip of my tongue to ask after him," continues Mrs. Producers.

"I am very glad it remained on the tip."

"I wish with all my heart he was here," says Sylvia, continuing her monologue and yawning. "I wonder is there any chance of it? One abuses them when one has them, but certainly life—travelling-life especially—is very *triste* without a man."

"Do you wish it too, Lenore?" I ask, walking over to where my youngest sister is listlessly lying back in the one arm-chair that the room affords.

"How do I know?" she answers, in a tone of weary irritability. "I wish a hundred things one half of the day which I unwish the other half. No, certainly I do not—not until I get my looks up again. *Jemima*" (gazing wistfully up at me), "how long do you think it will be before I do?"

"My dear, am I a prophet?" I say, very sadly, stroking her hair.

"Evidently they thought me very much gone off, did not they?" she asks, with her eyes still fixed on my face, and a faint, a very faint hope of contradiction in her own.

"How do I know?" I reply, evasively. "If they *had* thought so, they would hardly have chosen *me* to confide it to."

"But they did," returns she, gently, shaking her head. "As Sylvia says, one has one's instincts." (A moment's silence.)

"Who was it?" she continues, with a melancholy smile; "Madame du Barri, was not it, who said that she would rather be dead than ugly? Pah!" (with a shudder), "it would be very disagreeable to be either."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "IN A KING CAMBYSES VEIN."

CAMBYSES, King of the Persians,  
Sat with his lords at play,  
Where the shades of the broad plane-branches  
Slanted athwart the way.

And he listened and heard Sarpedon  
Tell to his fellows there,  
Of a Bactrian bowman's prowess,  
And skill beyond compare.

And the heart of the king was bitter,  
And he turned and said to him:  
"Dost see on the greensward yonder  
That plane-tree's slender limb?"

"It stands far off in the gloaming—  
Dost think thy Bactrian could,  
With a single shaft unerring,  
Smite through that slender wood?"

"But, nay," then said Sarpedon,  
"Nor ever a mortal man,  
Since the days when Nimrod hunted,  
Where great Euphrates ran!"

Then Cambyses, son of Cyrus,  
Looked, and before him there  
Meres, the king's cup-bearer,  
Stood where the wine flowed clear—

Meres, the king's cup-bearer,  
Sarpedon's only son;  
And the heart of the king was hardened,  
And the will of the king was done.

And he said: "Bind Meres yonder  
To the plane-tree's slender stem,  
And give me yon sheaf of arrows,  
And the bow that lies by them."

And so, when the guards had bound him,  
He drew the shaft to the head:  
"Give heed, give heed, Sarpedon,  
I aim for the heart!" he said.

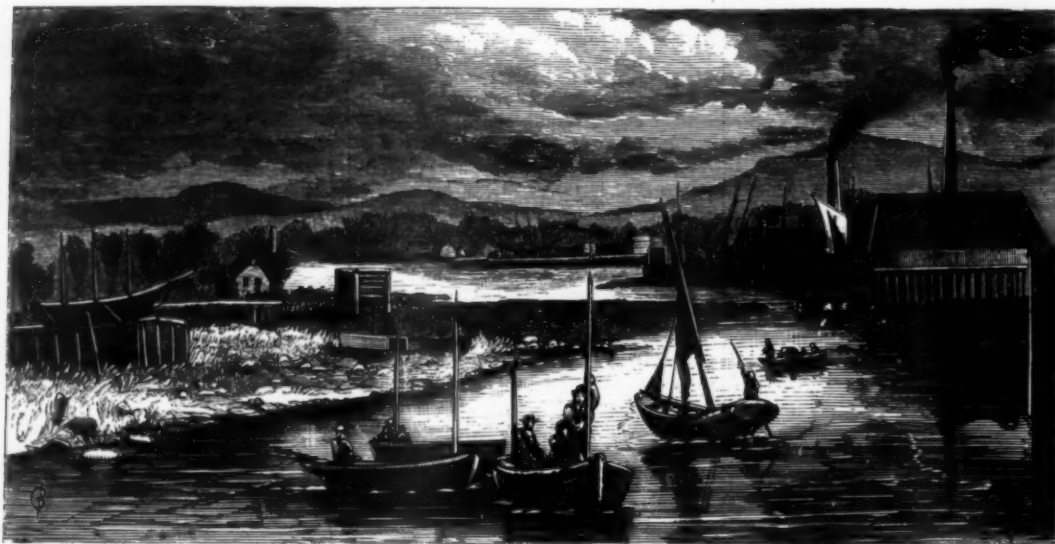
Sharp through the twilight stillness  
Echoed the steel bow's twang;  
Loud through the twilight stillness  
The courtiers' plaudits rang.

And the head of the boy drooped downward,  
And the quivering shaft stood still;  
And the king said: "O Sarpedon!  
Match I thy Bactrian's skill!"

Then low before Cambyses  
The satrap bowed his head:  
"O great king, live forever!  
Thou hast cleft the heart!" he said.

BARTON GRAY.

## A SKETCH OF LOWER CANADA.



MOUTH OF RIVER ST. CHARLES

SOME two hundred years ago an expedition from France sailed up the St. Lawrence, in search of what they might discover in the way of trade, and to acquire territory for their country. Sieur de Monts was the nominal commander, but his able lieutenant, Champlain, was the real leader of the party, and now began a career of discovery which has placed his name prominently in our Northern history, and christened the great lake which forms a broad boundary between the northern part of New-York State and the State of Vermont.

After stopping for a short time to establish the now ancient trading-post of Tadousac, one small vessel of the expedition proceeded on the voyage farther up the river, past the Islands of La Coudre, Crane Island, the Modams, and the great Island of Orleans, when they came in sight of the bluff on which they were to found a city, an enthusiast naming it at once, by his exclamation, "*Quel bec!*"—"What a beak or bluff!" That winter Champlain and his party passed in the mouth of the little river St. Charles, which enters the St. Lawrence close to and just below Quebec, its wild and beautifully-wooded shores presenting, no doubt, a decided contrast to the busy ship-yards and lumber-loaded docks of to-day. When the spring set in, this able commander decided that the first thing to be done was to build a fort or castle on the highest point of the promontory, seeing at

once that it would be a key to the great river as yet unexplored, and supposed to lead to the country they called "*Saguenay*"—a country thought to contain stores of gold, not second to those then recently collected by the Spaniards in Mexico and to the southward.

Succeeding years brought fresh importations of the French, generally at first of the *bourgeois*, or middle class, and later the *pay-sans* from Normandy and round about, who distributed themselves along the shores of the river and gulf on both sides, and in New

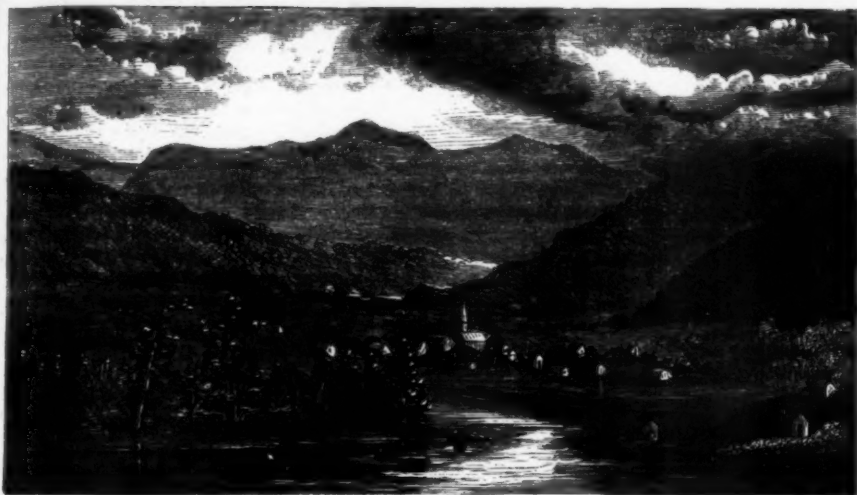
Brunswick, on the Bay of Chaleur. It was among a portion of these simple people that he whom they called Monsieur de New York, and his companion Monsieur de Quebec, made a sojourn for a few summer days in the year 1869, partly to learn their little ways, and partly to sketch them, their customs and manners, and the country where they dwell, with a purpose of constructing certain pictures at a future day. The first objective point being *Baie St. Paul*, sixty miles down the river, it was discovered that the means of conveyance were by the mail-wagons, carrying one passenger at a trip,

and by schooners trading between the ports of Quebec and Baie St. Paul—if courtesy be not strained in calling Baie St. Paul a port. A few minutes' conversation with the wharfinger at the Pallais dock settled the conveyance of the tourists, and for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents each they engaged a passage on the schooner *Marie Sophie*, Captain Seymour. She was to sail next evening, which was Tuesday, at seven; and, with the idea that sixty miles was an affair of one tide, the would-be *voyageurs* returned inside the walls of the oldest city on this northern end of the continent to make preparations for the voyage. Strange to say, although so near Quebec, no one seemed to know any thing about the place of destination except some of the *habitans*, or native farmers, whose information was not of



BREAKFAST ON THE SCHOONER.





BAIE ST. PAUL.

the useful sort. The messieurs were forced to depend on what they could recollect of the dark side of the narrative of a certain adventurous spirit who, in years gone by, had described the pea-soup and black bread to be endured by travellers who relied on the natives for provisions. On these dim memories the following outfit was decided to be necessary and sufficient for a ten-days' stay: three dozen hard-tack, half a pound of the best black tea, a can of Borden's prepared coffee, one bottle of excellent brandy, a large tin pot, a loaf of soft bread to eat on the way if detained, also cold beef. Extra clothes to the amount of one flannel shirt and pair of pantaloons each, and one white linen collar for *five* days; lastly, a flask of Canada rye-whiskey, strong, to treat the sailors with. Sketching-tools were, of course, *ad libitum*.

Seven o'clock on Tuesday came, and punctual to the minute was the embarkation easily effected by swinging from the wharf on the shrouds of the schooner down to her deck, where some twenty passengers, all *habitans*, except one, a specimen of the ubiquitous Yankee photographer, were already assembled. The *personnel* of the party was less striking, because more modernized, than those yet to be seen, and therefore let it suffice to say that they possessed all the vivacity of their fatherland, and were quite equal to any native-born French in ability to make the most of a topic of conversation, as they made the most of the topic then under discussion—whether the Marie Sophie would reach her destination on the following day or not. With the rise of tide the schooner hauled into the stream, and drifted in

a dead calm, until threatening dark clouds and fading daylight so alarmed the brave captain and his trusty mate—the only taciturn *habitant* in the country—that they cast anchor at once, much to the disgust of her tourist passengers, who bewailed the unpromising commencement of the voyage, which doomed them to pass an uncomfortable night in easy shooting-distance of comfortable beds on shore. Soon the threatening rain came down, and the male portion of the passengers and the crew were obliged to crouch under the sails for protection, as the little hole of a cabin was quite filled up with women. The water in a very little while found its way through the sail, and, trickling down, wetted necks and backs in a most uncomfortable way. Something had to be done, and Yankee enterprise lifted the hatch, and found in the hold a dry, if somewhat stifling, refuge. This idea being new, Monsieur le Captain, in genuine worship of old fogysm, was disposed to resent the

innovation, but at last entreaties prevailed, and he retired again to his cubby-hole in the after part of the craft. When at last all had become quiet, despairing sighs were heard through the darkness of the place, which were finally ascertained to proceed from the photographer, as a mild suggestion for a "drink of something" to revive his drooping spirits. He was felt out after a lengthened search, and the flask of strong rye mentioned in the list of outfittings was held to his lips; there came a gurgling sound, followed by a groan from the depths, for the liquor had entered into his inner man with such penetrating effect that a mere sight of the flask was

quite enough drink for him all the rest of the cruise, he avowing that only a copper-lined stomach could hold such stuff.

When the rain held up a little, Toma, an obliging member of the crew, brought a lighted candle, that the company might see to pick out soft barrels, planks, or bags of salt, to sleep on—an attention welcome, truly, had it not the effect of introducing into the refuge the remainder of the men on board, who managed to keep up a perpetual buzzing, after the manner of their kind, for nearly the whole night, and also added to the closeness of the hold. At the proper time, as usual, the morning dawned, and all turned out for a consecutive wash in the deck-bucket, and to prepare breakfast over a most primitive arrangement of fire built in a large iron pot, partially filled with earth, to prevent it from burning the deck. The *habitans*, expecting delay, probably from former experience, were provided with the necessaries for making bread-scouse



CHURCH SCENE, BAIE ST. PAUL.

and tea, which they, in their frugality, consider a most luxurious breakfast, the boiling water being obtained from an old iron teakettle suspended over the fire on a crow-bar propped up at one end on the windlass, and at the other by a convenient chunk of firewood. Here the tin pot so luckily provided became invaluable, and the production of excellent tea was the work of a few minutes only—which tea helped the cold beef and dry bread down wonderfully.

With the sunrise the wind came and blew a full-sail breeze dead ahead, and, by dint of numerous tacks, the *Marie Sophie* was put well on her way for some hours, until the dock at St. Jean d'Isle was nearly abreast; when, for fear of the white caps in the river below, or for compassion on the seasick photographer (who had been declaring himself a regular sea-dog before starting), the brave Captain Seymour suddenly changed his course, and, heading in boldly, beached his schooner on the sand, close alongside of another, where a group of genuine old peasants were seated on a hen-coop alongside the foremast. They looked beautifully primitive, almost primeval, each capped with the national *bonnet rouge*, and placidly puffing his short French clay-pipe, in the sweet companionship of his boyhood's friends. Here was a chance for dinner; and, with an assurance that the schooner would sail at the next tide, she was abandoned for the present, and an exploring expedition organized up the road to the village of old, Norman-fashioned houses, dazzling with whitewash, roofs and all; and windmills waving their long gray arms in the sunlight. The parish church, as in all Lower-Canadian villages, occupies the most commanding site, that it may be ever present to the faithful from every side; opposite is the house of the *curé* and the presbytery, near which was found a woman, who agreed to sell the strangers something to eat.

English was an unknown tongue to her, and *habitant* French, half-Indian as it is, quite so to them, causing little, droll misunderstandings in regard to the cooking of eggs, which made much amusement, and helped to pass the time, until at length the repast was arranged to satisfaction, and a supply laid in for emergencies. A walk up the road and along the beach proved that the neat and picturesque appearance of the houses was not confined to the heart of the village—some were even more picturesque. They often stood on the end of a narrow strip of land running far back from the road, for it is a time-honored custom with the fathers to divide their lands equally among their sons, giving each a strip the whole depth of the paternal domain. As *habitant* children are usually numerous, and seldom have enterprise enough to leave home in search of fortune, the largest original farms in the old parishes



THE LAST WEARER OF THE CUE.

soon dwindle in the process. Returning along the beach, it was found to be very beautiful, generally formed of flat rock, with stratifications running off-shore, variegated and shining in the bright sun, opalescent sometimes, and rich-colored in the shadows. Here was a little girl of seven or eight years doing the family washing in a pool of water left in a hollow of the rock by the receding tide—taking charge of a little sister, too! but so timid that, when M. de New York began to make a drawing of her as she worked, she gathered her clothes in one arm, and, with baby in the other, fled precipitately up-shore—distrusting all protestations that no harm was intended. The people are really very innocent here, and it has even been stated, on very good authority, that some of them are so far behind the times that they still speak of the good Louis XIV. as their sovereign lord and king. However that may be, some of them certainly know better, as there is resident among them one woman who has actually been to France, and who has in her house a curious Yankee instrument—a sort of hand sewing-machine turned by a crank—said to have been taken from a Boston ship which was wrecked in the river a year or two since.

When the tide rose, a second disappointment came, for brave Captain Seymour remembered the dangers of the darkness and the river below Cape Tomma, where there is no safe anchorage for more than ten miles along the rocky coast, and the opposite low, broken shores of Madam Island, and the cranes, terrible to him as the Scylla and Charybdis to the ancients. Another night on salt-bags, another day of calms and drift, and the *Marie Sophie* came to anchor, for the last time that voyage, in sight of Baie St. Paul, to wait for the flood next morning, that she might be poled up the narrow channel with the rising tide. It was seven o'clock when the debarkation took place, and the

ironical ceremony of drinking the health of the *Marie Sophie* was gone through with—hunger almost blinding the eyes of the ship's company (or such of them as had only contemplated a twelve-hours' journey instead of a sixty-hours' cruise) to the beauties of one of the most picturesque bays they had ever beheld. A mountain rises on either side, the lofty range of St. Urbain fills in the distance at the head of the valley in which lies the village, its parish church, as ever, the central object, springing high above the largest buildings. Nearer, a charming woodland of balsam firs gives bold relief to the sand-spit on which runs the road along and up the "Du Galf," on Whirlpool River, ending in salmon-haunted pools, until it reaches the the church-square; to-day thronged with calashes and two-wheeled vehicles of every description, even to hay-carts, made available for church-going by the use of household chairs for the women to sit

on. It was the last of a three-days' festival of prayer; and, as piety is a distinguishing trait of these people, many of the worshippers had come miles to attend. All troubles were now at an end, for, unexpectedly, there came forward Monsieur Bois, a former Quebec merchant, and the present host of the principal boarding-house of the place. He promised to have breakfast very quickly, and could tell the gentlemen every thing they wanted to know. He was here, he said, only for the entertainment of a few chance travellers in summer-time, and as many, perhaps, caribou-hunters in the winter. It rained after breakfast, and, in answer to many questions, M. Bois told much of the people and the customs of other days. "You will find," said he, "the Canadians to be excellent, polite, good, lazy, money-loving people; very pious Catholics, and obedient in all things to their priests. To-day, Friday, as I told you, is the last of a festival of prayer held here by the priests of our own and the neighboring parishes of St. Joseph, St. Urbain, Isle la Coudre, Les Eboulements, and one or two more; and, although it is not a matter of obligation, there is a churchful of people at mass—say five hundred, out of a population of three thousand souls; those only being expected to attend who can leave their work without serious inconvenience." As to costume, M. Bois said that he remembered perfectly well the knee-breeches, or, as they say, "petit pantalon à la grenade," swallow-tailed coats, and big beaver-hats, which were the fashion at the end of the last century, and in proof obtained from the clothes-press of an old woman near by a complete *bourgeois* suit of Louis XV.'s time. The peasant-dress he did not recollect, but Madame Marie Seymour (a common name in the place, the reader will perceive), an old woman of eighty years at least, was found to have preserved her wedding-dress of sixty years ago. She was "proud to show it to

mon  
skirt  
pock  
white  
sleeve  
a da  
cov  
hind  
over  
ered  
stiffly  
hang  
tied  
roun  
The e  
needl  
heels  
and c  
back  
pink  
in fa

very-p  
around  
little s  
very n  
A  
mour,  
the las  
still we  
of the  
face th  
teristic  
was ta  
last ge  
of an  
and g  
ful of  
such a  
at pre  
peak a  
and fun  
her yo  
iron sv  
hold t  
enough

monsieur." It consisted of a short white skirt, having the blue-and-white striped-silk pockets on the outside, a kind of sack of white linen, with full puffed and embroidered sleeves. It was belted around the waist, and a dainty, salmon-colored silk handkerchief covered the shoulders, falling in a point behind and in front. The hair was rolled up over a cushion on top of the head, and covered with a high-backed Norman cap, starched stiffly, the ends of the hair being suffered to hang down the back in two braids, which were tied with a blue ribbon, like one which went round the cap, and was made in a bow behind. The stockings were white and ornamented with needle-work, and slippers of kid, with pointed heels of the style of to-day, but not so high, and covered with the same green kid as the back part of the slipper, the fronts being of pink kid, ornamented with crimson silk, set in fanciful down to the very points of the

in common use formerly, she said, in the best houses, but was now seldom seen except in hunting-camps and hovels. This old woman also spoke of long blue coats, which came nearly down to the heels, and were worn over the brass-buttoned jackets of the time, on great occasions, with a large white collar turned over outside. Both men and women then wore, as they still do, the *habitant* boot of reindeer-skin, having legs of some soft leather, with this difference, that the legs were then very short, and were tied around the ankles with a thong. The reiteration of these particulars, at the top of her voice, was accompanied with such violent wavings of the arms and hands, and indeed of the body, as to be quite alarming; and it proved the work of at least half an hour to get politely away from her cabin, and some time longer to get beyond the reach of her voice, as she kept up her oft-told story until satisfied that mon-

in the extreme; for many are still marked with rich fire-stains, and glow with comfortable color. The chimneys are still built so very large and strong that the owners never attempt to pull them down when they take away the house for a change of location, as they frequently do, but leave them standing erect on the spot until the winter-frosts so crack the plaster as to give an opening for the crow-bar and wedge. In some parts of the country these lone chimneys are as numerous as the way-side crosses, which abound here, as in all Catholic countries, but are usually very insignificant affairs, made of solid logs roughly hewn and painted black, sometimes with little shrines set in a hole about ten inches square, containing a wax or plaster figure of the Virgin and Child, or incidents of the Crucifixion. These crosses are usually erected by private hands, and often as an act of propitiation for sin or in memory of some



FISHING FOR SMELTS AND SARDINES AT BAIE ST. PAUL

very-pointed toes. A black string hung around the neck, to which was suspended a little silver crucifix, which in this country is very necessary to complete the costume.

A cousin of old Marie, Marie Joseph Seymour, also a very old peasant, is celebrated as the last man in that part of the country who still wears "*la queue*." He is a good specimen of the people in physiognomy, and bears in his face the mildness and contentment so characteristic of them. The next day M. New York was taken to visit some of the relics of the last generation, and made the acquaintance of an old couple of ultra-French politeness and gabble. The wife produced a chestful of short jackets and winter capote-coats, such as are worn everywhere in the Canadas at present; also a leathern cap, cut in a peak at the top, and trimmed with red flannel and fur, telling that they were the styles of her youthful days. She had besides a curious iron swinging lamp, with an inner saucer to hold the oil and wick, which projects far enough to light at the point, or lip. It was

sieur was quite out of hearing. Nearly every house in Baie St. Paul and the other very old parishes is built of logs, the exceptions being a few of stone, all so well and compactly constructed as to be very comfortable in a country where the thermometer often falls forty degrees below zero during the winter. The method of warming has been the first to advance, and to-day, in almost every house, a great black stove of cast-iron has taken precedence of the huge fireplace where big logs used to burn so brightly. Thus yearly does the progress of the age, even in priest-governed Canada, drive out the beautiful customs of other days. Sad, indeed, do these innovations of civilized ugliness seem to the artist, who looks at them only from his picturesque point of view. The messieurs were for some time unable to tell what it was, in the quaint interiors of these houses, which seemed to break the harmony of them, until they recognized the big black stoves as the destroyers of their peace of mind. A few years since, the chimney-places must have been beautiful

one loved and lost. Childish and bigoted as the *habitans* seem, there is much that is beautiful in the perfect spirit of their faith, held as implicitly and with all the confidence of a Mohammedan. The priests are really exemplary men in every way that the Church directs, and rule their flocks with love and moderation, teaching doctrines of peace and good-will. As Monsieur Bois remarked, the people never fight, and, although a stranger would think, from the loud talking always to be heard in their houses, that there was no end of quarrelling going on, such a thing is almost unknown among them. The fact that no less than four lawyers are supported by the parish seems also to indicate that they are a litigious people; but it may not be the truth, as these lawyers all belong in some way to the cumbrous machinery of government. One is a clerk of the town council, presided over by a mayor; one a receiver of school-rates; one a clerk to the *seigneur*, or agent of the crown-lands, who is a very important man in a Lower-Canada town; a fourth has charge of



the Church-rates and other business connected with the ecclesiastical establishment.

The novelty and consequent gentle excitement of a first visit to so out-of-the-way and interesting a place as Baie St. Paul having worn off a little, the *voyageurs* began to be impressed with that delightful sense of quiet and repose only to be felt in a place entirely finished, and not in a state of constant reconstruction and improvement like a Yankee town, and really to enjoy the pure and genial freshness which belongs to a Lower-Canadian summer. A perfectly-delightful sense of laziness, too, came upon them, and made one of the great delights of their day the half-doze for half an hour after dinner, while sitting on the shaded bench of Monsieur Bois's porch, opposite the church-square, where the four roads meet as they come over the mountain from St. Joseph on one side and Les Eboulements on the other, back from St. Urbain and up from the bay. It was pleasant, very pleasant, for them to throw the fly in the whirlpool below the bridge (by-the-by, quite a specimen of engineering, and costly to the amount of four thousand dollars) for the small trout which are to be caught numerously in that river. They are plucky little fish, and amuse the angler at a time when he may not care for the grand excitement of a contest that tries his tackle and his skill to the full. There are some fine salmon in this stream, but, as are all the rivers of Lower Canada now, this also is preserved, and none but the owners are allowed to fish without a permit, duly signed and sealed. It is said that, in years far back,



RETURNING FROM THE HAY-FIELD.

the salmon resorted here in great numbers, but were fished out and driven away by constant persecutions, until the water was purchased by some gentlemen of Quebec, one of whom, after having guarded it for only a season, indulged himself in a single afternoon's sport, when he took one fish of twelve, one of fourteen, and one of forty, pounds' weight. This seems a great catch for any stream, but in the Magdalène and St.-Jean Rivers—tributaries to the Saguenay—such would be looked upon as only tolerably good sport; however, these rivers are farther down the St. Lawrence, and have been preserved for several years. Another kind of fishing, very profitable to the *habitans* and quite new to the tourists, is the sardine and smelt fishing. The capture of these little fish is effected thus: On certain mornings, when the tides serve, expeditions are organized by the young men of the village, to the number of thirty or forty, or more, who go down to

the beach before break of day, provided with carts full of barrels for holding, baskets for carrying, and nets for ensnaring—which nets need particular description. They are about thirty feet long, and four feet wide, loaded at the lower edge with lead weights to keep them down, and buoyed at the upper with corks to keep them up. At each end are poles of perhaps eight feet in length, so that they may be conveniently moored in the water by the fishermen, one at each end. Every man dresses in his oldest clothes, and worn-out reindeer boots, that he may get wet without damage. At daylight, if the tide has been properly calculated, the very shelving bottom of the bay is entirely uncovered, by the retreat of the water to the channel two miles from shore, where, carefully avoiding the numerous quicksands which make this a treacherous road, the fishermen wend their way to the water's edge, and, having unrolled their nets, very quietly walk in nearly to the

depth of their necks, holding the poles upright, and standing still while the tallest of their fellows walk about in the water outside of them, thrashing and splashing to drive the fish in-shore—these efforts being further aided by the noisy rowing of boats in the channel farther out. After a little time the nets are slowly "walked in," bringing goodly quantities of beautiful, gasping, flopping, struggling little creatures up on the beach, to load the baskets and perhaps to fill the barrels of their captors.

Large fish are seldom taken, but on one particularly memorable occasion a sixty-pound striped bass somehow allowed himself to be made prisoner. Thou-



A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

sands of fat shrimps are brought in with the fish, and are left as worthless on the sands, for, curiously enough, these people know nothing of cooking or eating them. An attempt of M. de New York to convince them that even live shrimps were good to eat, was received not only with wonder and disgust, but caused the circulation of a report which annoyed the good M. Bois immensely—a report that he did not feed his boarders well.

At the turn of the tide, which rises seventeen feet in only five hours, for it runs down the other seven of the twelve, the fishing-party throw their impedimenta on the carts, and proceed before the incoming water at a jog-trot back to *terra firma*, following the tried tracks of their wheels made when going out—the result of the morning's fishing often being a three-days' supply of fish for the village, to repay them for their sport before work-hours in the morning. Nothing can be more picturesque than this sardine-fishing, with the animated

figures of the men and horses relieved against the glow of the eastern sky as the sun rises; every object casting long shadows westward, the water dancing in slight ripples, and far off the distant horizon, dotted with the white sails of some of the many craft which cruise up and down the great river of the North. Although very seldom to be enjoyed in the bay itself, there is great sport to be had, at certain seasons in the river outside, fishing for narwhal, or, as the Canadians call them, "white porpoises." They are only to be killed by harpooning or shooting, and, as both methods require great skill, they nearly always result in the disappointment of the tyro, who sees the half-breeds and Canadian hunters securing prizes under his very nose, while all his attempts are in vain. Vegetation is wonderfully rapid in this northern country, and, although there can only be counted five months in their spring, summer, and autumn seasons, the *habitans* manage to raise fair crops of grain in that time. At the date of the expedition here related, it was early autumn, or the middle of August, and the grain was already ripe for harvesting, a process which again reminds us strongly of Normandy—as in that country the women work with the men reaping, and use the sickle to cut the wheat in the picturesque style of their forefathers and mothers, although the men swing the more modern innovation of the cradle. When the day comes for the cutting and gathering in, and the long and carefully-watched-for hour of ripening is at hand, the farmer's family—literally the whole family, go into the field, and, cutting only so much as can be gathered that day, work on gayly until the twilight, when, having quickly



OLD GABRIEL.

loaded the two-wheeled cart of the country, and surmounted it with a tired baby or two, the pet of the many household dogs, and the great basket, long since emptied of the frugal luncheon—probably black bread spread with unsalted butter, an egg for each, and possibly a can of pea-soup—they return home through the gloaming to sleep the happy sleep of the industrious rustic.

There are many more peculiar simple customs which obtain here, and much might our high civilization learn in Christian charity from them—from one especially in spirit, if it be not practical in very deed—it is the entertainment and support of the aged and infirm of the neighborhood, for a little time in turn, by every well-to-do family. The halt, the lame, the blind, are never at a loss for shelter and for food, handed, as it were, from one good Samaritan to another, until death relieves the community of the burden of their entertainment. They are buried at length with all the kindly offices of the mother Church—not, indeed, with the full form of a ceremonial, such as the Gallican ritual gives to the open purse of the wealthy, but decent and Christianly, as should be. Nearly always some person well off in worldly goods is found to pay for some few masses to be said for the repose of the poor soul, and thus it fares as well as many born to good luck in a worldly way. Funerals are in all countries and with all religions impressive and solemn, but here hardened indeed must be the individual who does not feel the warning, thought-engendering influence of the simple and yet formal procession and burial-service. It is early morning. The clouds hang heavily still. The church-bell tolls and tolls the accomplished

years of the dead as the body is carried on its bier from the chapel to the grave by the hard-handed pall-bearers—near neighbors and old friends of the deceased. In advance, leading the procession, an acolyte bears the silver emblem of the Crucifixion; after him incense-bearers; then the two typical candles, the acolyte bearing the vessel containing the holy water, the chorister singing the funeral chant; and, lastly, the celebrant in alb and stole. For the paupers less pomp is exhibited, and for the rich much more; but the solemnity always impresses, and leads to thoughts of a something beyond the grave.

With profitable reflections like these, and sweet communings with Nature, life passed at Baie St. Paul; and, when the Marie Sophie was again in readiness to dare the dangers of the river, the messieurs believed themselves, at least for the hour, morally and physically better men. The Marie Sophie and luck were never mated, and therefore it created no surprise that the morn-

ing of the return was terribly rainy. She lay out in the channel waiting for the tide and her passengers, who, partly by the aid of Bois's cart and partly by the aid of her boat, were at last safely got on board. To their dismay they found a cargo of wood, which filled the hold, and made a deck-load of some four feet high, except where space was left for the cooking-apparatus and for the requirements of working ship. This time twelve passengers made up her complement, and of them four were women, one young and pleasant to look upon. The tide soon rose, and, although a dead calm, the Marie Sophie drifted magnificently out of the bay, past sundry jagged rocks, in company with masses of floating sea-weeds, around which the spotted sandpipers were swimming like ducks, as they fed on certain larvae, insects, or "other small deer," of which they seemed particularly fond.

For the first night the schooner lay at anchor in sight of the mountains of St. Urbain, and, protected by a blanket borrowed from the generous Peter Bois, the messieurs slept a moderately tranquil sleep on the wood-piled deck. The horrors of the next night, however, were only to be appreciated by sad experience. At anchor again, but this time only five miles from Quebec, under the lee of the Island of Orleans, the rain descending in torrents—in perfect sheets—the wind blowing fiercely, the river rough as the sea; it was impossible to remain on deck. In the cabin—six feet wide by eight feet long, and perhaps five in height—there were stowed sixteen persons—thirteen dirty *habitans*, men and women (one sea-sick), a one-eyed French sailor, if possible dirtier

than the rest, and the messieurs. Monsieur de New York, "dead with sleep," was rolled into a bunk already occupied by a person of the weaker sex, while M. de Quebec, with difficulty, sat upright, and tried to do the agreeable to the natives, who, always cheerful and vivacious, were telling childish fairy-stories and simple nursery-tales to make the time pass. The French sailor was particularly entertaining, and, with the proverbial politeness of his nation, invited the "gentleman to tell a story" in his turn, but, as the gentleman insisted upon doing it in English, the rule was waived in his case on condition of a song to be sung at a later hour. When nine o'clock was indicated by the ship's time, all story-telling came to an abrupt finish, and, falling on their knees, the ship's company assisted with responses the prayers said by the pretty young *habitant* girl, as she told her beads in rapid ecclesiastical French-Latin. The evening duties over, all composed themselves to sleep; and, even in the stifling atmosphere of a little hole so crowded that not one was sure of his or her own limbs, there came upon all the rest of the innocent. Not much refreshed, but somewhat less sleepy when the morning broke and the storm subsided, the messieurs appeared on deck, and watched with joy the preparations for "heaving up the anchor" and "getting under way." It still rained very fast, when at five o'clock in the morning the adventurous craft touched the wharf once more, to the relief and delight of two individuals, who had endured ten days of pleasure and annoyance strangely mingled, and ever to be remembered while they live. The storm had been terrific in the city, and every one of the hill-side streets leading up into the town from the docks was washed into channels and ruts fearful to behold. Comfortable beds awaited the tourists, and a few hours' sleep, taken in spite of the broad daylight, banished the vivid memories of trials and disappointments, and brought back, in beautiful freshness, the delights of a trip to Baie St. Paul so strongly, that only two days after found the messieurs bargaining with "Old Gabriel," of Lake St. Charles, for an expedition inland to the northward, which that rare *voyageur's* eighty years' experience well fitted him to lead.

GILBERT BURLING.

### TRAILING ARBUTUS.

**A**MONG the floral gifts of Spring no fairer or sweeter flower blossoms into life than the darling of the forest, the *Epigaea* of the poets, the May-flower of the children, or the trailing arbutus, more widely known to fame. When not a single crimson bud on the dark-gray maples has awakened from its winter sleep, and the willows still keep their downy catkins folded under their sheathing bracts, the creeping tendrils of the trailing arbutus have wound their way unseen, and, springing into life with the first genial sun, have brought forth in full perfection the fragrant, clustering blossoms.

Botanists have named this plant *Epigaea repens*, from a characteristic it possesses of trailing on the ground, and the genus contains only this one representative. It is called the

May-flower, from the month when it attains its most luxuriant development. We believe it has no real claim to the name of trailing arbutus, as this belongs to a member of the *Ericinae* family. It is a perennial plant, with evergreen leaves, and is found in the woods from Nova Scotia to the Carolinas. It is covered with rusty hairs; the leaves are hardy, woody, and tipped with a point. It likes a sandy soil, chooses often the cleft of a rock, and delights especially in the shade of the pines. Its flowers have an indescribable fragrance, and vary in color, now of the purest white, and now of every hue, from the delicate rose-tint of sea-shells to a bright pink.

Trailing arbutus blossoms from the first of March till late in May. Two years ago we found some clumps of delicious buds in January. The tiny, white points were as sharply cut, the interlacing way in which they are bound lovingly together was as strongly marked, and the tender green as softly shaded, as in any specimens of the plant we ever saw in the full beauty of normal development. In the early part of March we have cut it with a hatchet from the frozen ground with its clustering roots and clinging mosses. Then placing it in a warm room, and protecting it under glass from the dry atmosphere, the tiny, white buds grew into dainty blossoms of purest white. They looked like wax, and had no perfume, for their color and fragrance are only evolved when the sun has kissed their pure lips.

But it is later in the season that this forest-flower is culled in its full loveliness and warmth of rosy coloring. It is, moreover, a fastidious little creature, and will grow only in the locality it loves. You may spend days of fruitless search in pursuit of it, unless you know its favorite haunts. Who with a heart attuned to floral beauty does not, in the warm days of spring, feel a stir in the pulse, and recall a memory of happy days in the past, when it was a pleasure to go in search of this earliest of spring flowers, this token of sunny days and leafy woods, of balmy winds and smiling skies? Sometimes it was a secluded nook close by the side of a snow-drift or the gnarled roots of an ancient forest-tree which concealed the treasure; and sometimes, on a sunny bank, we caught the beauty of its laughing eye, and inhaled the fragrance of its dainty breath.

The wild-woods rang with the merry shouts of those who, bending low, had pulled wet, trailing masses, where among tufts of rough, roundish leaves were the delicious blossoms, fashioned by fairy fingers, flushed with warm pink, and breathing the spicy odors of Araby the Blest. No gardener has trained this darling of the forest, no hot-house culture has changed its simple nature, but, in beauty, grace, and fragrance, it surpasses the gorgeous inmates of the gardens. Its pure lips are made of air and dew, it glistens like a star, and its color is that of the morning dawn. Poets have immortalized it, painters have transferred its glowing beauty to canvas; but poem and picture cannot set the blood bounding in the veins as does the sight of a little clump of its starry blossoms.

How wonderful is the mystery hid within

the delicate flowers whose advent seems always like a fairy creation! By what marvelous power do they elaborate the sap from the dead earth, which is transformed into blossoms of such matchless loveliness? What is the secret of magic coloring by which the same brush paints now a flower pure as a snow-flake, now tints one with rose-pink delicate as a sea-shell, and now lays on the hue of a damask-rose? Where is the fountain from which such ineffable perfume is distilled? What is the potent charm by which these tiny blossoms hold such sway over the fancy, insuring a welcome as often as the year renews the miracle of their appearance?

These flowers are to us the prophets of the future. In their beauty, color, form, fragrance, and profusion, we catch glimpses of higher tastes, of nobler powers of appreciation, of loftier capabilities, of possibilities of future existence, which are now only dreams. In their early appearance after the death of Winter we recognize the comforting lessons of the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul. In their lavish luxuriance we behold the infinite power of the hand which forever bestows the graceful gift and forever renews the boundless supply.

Botanists have given to trailing arbutus no expression in the language of flowers, but it speaks words of deep import to every lover of woodland mysteries, to every heart in sympathy with Nature. There is a saintly purity about the flower, a wealth of dewy fragrance in its soft corolla, a charming modesty in the way it hides in the soft depths of protecting mosses, a sweet humility in its trailing tendrils, a naive unconsciousness and unaffectedness in its graceful bearing, which breathe in voiceless words from every opening chalice.

But its most grateful language is that which unites it with the joys of early years, its sweetest perfume that which wakens the music of memory, and which, when every spring renews the miracle of its fragile life, interweaves the hallowed associations of the past with the fairest flower that opens to the northern sky.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

### SONNET.

THE WINTER WOOD-FLOWER.

**T**HROUGH the bare forest, by its dreary ways,  
So hard and rugged in the grasp of frost,  
I wandered where a million leaves were tossed,  
The fading trophies of dead summer days:  
There, in the coldest, gloomiest nook, ablaze  
With gorgeous color, like a fairy lost  
In some lone wild by fairy feet uncrossed,  
Bloomed a strange flower amid the woodland maze.  
All round the dimness of that desolate place  
It shed both light and perfume, its fair head,  
Swayed by the gale, still bent in curves of grace.  
Bloom on, O flower! the blessed type thou art  
Of one last hope, which o'er its brethren dead  
Shines on the frost-bound stillness of my heart!

PAUL H. HATNE.



## TABLE-TALK.

FOR many years discussions have been rife as to suitable means for relieving Broadway of its great throng of vehicles; but, while the multitude of counsellors may have exhibited a large measure of wisdom, no method yet proposed has been considered sufficiently promising to be adopted. Recently we hear of proposals to extend some of the up-town parallel streets, and to open up new connecting avenues between Broadway and the Bowery, under the impression, apparently, that a new avenue at Eighth Street would afford relief for the travel two miles farther down-town. In the different schemes for the relief of Broadway it is usually forgotten that a great central avenue of travel must necessarily be thronged with vehicles, and that a permanent diversion of this travel into other thoroughfares will draw from the main channel exactly those features that make it valuable for trade and interesting to frequenters. Broadway should be relieved by facilitating travel, not by destroying it. If any one will watch carefully the conditions of travel in that street, he will soon discover that the thoroughfare would probably be quite sufficient for the regular upward and downward flow if it were not for the cross-lines of travel that ceaselessly impede and obstruct it. The whole difficulty arises from the fact that, in the lower part of the city, two continuous and compact currents of travel are impelled upon each other at right angles. A single vehicle crossing Broadway below Chambers Street immediately checks the tides of travel for several squares either way, and, when a line of vehicles attempts the passage, Broadway becomes as choked, confused, entangled, and wildly massed, as a dammed-up torrent. And all the efforts to relieve this condition of things by opening parallel avenues have very little effect, because there remains the undiminished although divided volume of upward and downward travel impelled upon the cross-travel. The difficulty can be remedied only by withdrawing this cross-travel, which in volume rivals that of Broadway itself, consisting principally of vehicles to and from the East-River and North-River ferries, of grocers' wagons to the number of many thousands drawn to the great distributing markets at each river, and of the transportation of goods from vessels and warehouses on one river-margin to the other. An unobstructed flow of this transverse traffic might be obtained by tunnelling Broadway at one or two points; but the flat surface of the island is unfavorable. It may yet have to be done, but the descent and ascent would be an objection to loaded vehicles, and several other inconveniences would arise. One measure of relief, which would reach all the currents of travel, would be the removal of the great distributing markets to some location up-town. These markets draw to themselves vast con-

courses of vehicles, which fill up many of the streets almost completely, and obstruct all of them. This trade is entirely independent of the mercantile business transacted in the lower angle of the city, and could far more conveniently be located elsewhere. The produce-merchants, and others whose business is a sort of tender on the markets, would remove with them, and hence an immense traffic be withdrawn from a point where it contributes greatly to the general confusion. This relief secured, another quite as important could be obtained by the provision of means for the rapid transportation of merchandise around the lower point of the island rather than across it. Goods from the west side designed for shipment on the east, and so also from the east to the west, should be dispatched on rails or tramways laid on broad avenues bordering the wharves. The distance would scarcely be greater than across the town, while, with suitable vehicles and adequate power, the transportation could be made far more rapidly and with less expense than it is now. Whether this transportation could be made by steam, experience would determine; but obviously if the heavy merchandise, which in New York is ceaselessly passing from ship to warehouse and from warehouse to ship, could be sent around the lower angle of the city, Broadway would obtain relief just at the point where the pinch occurs.

— Lieutenant Musters, of the English Navy, who recently made a remarkable journey through a region of Patagonia not hitherto visited by Europeans, is not, as we surmised in a recent number of the JOURNAL, the son, but the grandson, of Byron's first love, Mary Chaworth. His grandfather, commonly known throughout England in his day as "Jack Musters," was a great sporting celebrity, whose exploits are yet remembered in "the grass country." The lieutenant's grandmother, as Byron says in his "Dream," was "the solitary scion left of a time-honored race." As all the world knows, she turned a deaf ear to the poet's suit, and preferred the stalwart squire of Colwick Hall; but her marriage proved any thing but happy, and the common report was, that Mr. Musters, a selfish man intent on pleasure, sadly neglected her. She fell into a melancholy condition, and died in February, 1832. Her end was hastened by the Reform Riots, which took place, in 1831, at Nottingham, and assumed—as they did at Bristol, where the bishop's palace was burnt to the ground—a most formidable character. Not content with destroying Nottingham Castle, the property of the Duke of Newcastle, the rioters proceeded to ravage the seats of neighboring gentlemen of obnoxious politics. Among them was Mr. Musters. A rumor of their coming reached the hall only barely in time for Mrs. Musters, then in delicate health, to quit it. The evening was damp and cold, and the unfortunate lady escaped into the

shrubbery, where she and her daughter lay for hours, the daughter pulling her mother's person on to hers in the endeavor to shield her from damp. But Mrs. Musters never recovered from the shock her system that night sustained, and died in the February following, leaving two sons and several daughters. On his marriage, Mr. Musters had, in compliance with his father-in-law's wish, assumed the name of Chaworth in addition to his own. This, however, he subsequently dropped, and his conduct in that respect met with considerable condemnation, inasmuch as it was regarded by many as a breach of faith with the dead. His wife's property was thrice the value of his own, and amounts to-day to not less than seventy-five thousand dollars a year. At his death he left two sons. The eldest, who was sadly tainted with his mother's melancholy, put an end to his own life. The second entered the army, married a lady of fortune in the county Longford, Ireland, and, during Lord Kimberley's viceroyalty, filled the office of master of the horse to him. "Jack" Musters, who died about 1849, was succeeded by the son of his eldest son, who is married to the niece of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, chancellor of the exchequer, and resides almost entirely at Annesley Park, his grandmother's estate. Her name, Chaworth, is now extinct in Nottinghamshire. Lieutenant Musters, the traveller, is the only brother of the owner of Annesley, a venerable mansion, whose grounds adjoin those of Newstead, surrounded by an extensive deer-park. When Colwick was sacked by the mob, a splendid full-length portrait of Mary Chaworth, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was destroyed, to the great grief of the family. Mrs. Musters left also two daughters, who married gentlemen of the name of Hammond, members of an old county family in Norfolk; and their eldest brother married Miss Hammond, sister of these gentlemen, thus forming a curiously close family connection.

— A very interesting series of essays upon the British poets is now appearing in *Blackwood*, from which a better idea is derived of their characters and works than is to be obtained from most biographies, however elaborate. In the February number the writer discourses, with enthusiastic sympathy, of Burns, and places the Ayrshire ploughman-poet before us so vividly that we are forced to feel keenly his sufferings, and to pass a charitable judgment on his faults. We are able to appreciate the characteristics which induced Carlyle, himself a native of the Scottish wilds, and, like Burns, a resident once in Dumfries, to include him among his "Heroes;" for here was a man of truth, who believed not in "shams" or "phantasms," but really was and did something genuine in the world. *Blackwood* is aristocratic and tuft-hunting, if any thing; yet the critic, *à propos* of the miseries of Burns's life, launches

into a philippic against the patronizing condescension and empty encouragement with which the Scottish upper classes treated Burns, that might have emanated from a democratic visionary. He protests against the assumption that Burns's humble birth and calling were disadvantages, and very aptly doubts "whether the poet, bred in an intellectual hot-house, and trained for a special work, would have either heart or ability for it." The bane of Burns's life was, that, his lot having been cast in humble farm-scenes on the banks of "bonnie Doon," the idea that he was meant for a higher social sphere, and that his mission was to manufacture poetry in cosy country-houses or amid the comforts of the "New Town," was dinned into his soul by titled nobodies and *dilettante litterateurs*. Like Carlyle, the writer deems Burns's visit to Edinburgh at once the chief incident of his life and the best proof of the true nobility and manliness of his nature: "He went among the first circles of Edinburgh without perturbation, without enthusiasm, with a calm which utterly and with reason perplexed all his learned, and witty, and refined entertainers." The secret of it was that he was no longer under the glamour and illusion of the joys of high society. He had thought that high society a paradise on earth, toward which he would struggle as Youth toward the Heavenly Castle; arrived there, the castle seemed but the mocking delusion of a mist, and so he "looked out, gentle but stern, upon society in Edinburgh." The disappointment seared his heart and poisoned his ambition; and he returned to dull little Dumfries to lead a weary existence, writing sometimes noble verses, but more often finding refuge from his grief and bitter reveries in the carousals of country inns. Within a few weeks William Nicol Burns, the last of the three sons of Robert Burns and "patient Jean Armour," died at Cheltenham, in his eighty-second year, having survived his brother James seven years. The eldest son died at Dumfries ten years ago. Hawthorne speaks of meeting two of these sons of the Ayrshire bard at a dinner-party in England, and describes them as fine, sturdy-looking Scotchmen, physically worthy, at least, of their sire. William was long in the East-India service, kindly, mild-tempered, and genial, with none of his father's passionate nature or literary genius. The whole family are buried in the mausoleum at Dumfries.

— This year's Carnival at Rome is reported to have been but a sickly "counterfeit presentment" of the pageant of other days, and it seems probable that this medieval custom, so long fostered by popes and patronized by princes, is destined to die out in a brief time, annihilated by the more practical and prosy spirit of a new age and new régimes. The Carnival used to be a unique festival, with the pleasing concomitants of music and

graceful ceremonies, and traditional customs symbolizing the chivalry and poetry of the middle ages. It had its sentimental as well as its grotesque side; Colonnas and Pallavicinis, nobles of Christian Rome, mingled freely in its masked multitudes, and Shrove-Tuesday was a day given over to an absolute democracy of pleasure; popes smiled benignantly from Vatican balconies, and the papal troops formed a by no means insignificant element in the show; and the scene was made yet more brilliant by the throngs of noble and gorgeously-apparelled Roman dames who thronged the palace-piazas on the Corso, and listened with twinkling eyes to the songs of masked troubadours and the praises of unknown poets. Now it has become a wild, coarse orgy, the principal object of the day being, apparently, to see how many toilets one can spoil by throwing *confetti* at ladies' heads, and how many foreign spectators the maskers can put out of temper, and drive disgusted from the pavements. The masked mob surges through the streets in a brawling multitude, with ludicrous costumes rather than fanciful or romantic ones, and the battles of *confetti* and flowers—in some parts of France the weapons are oranges—comprise the chief entertainment of the day. Night is made hideous with the drunken carousals at the *cafés* and the troops of tipsy maskers who reel with interlocked arms through the usually gloomy streets. The romance has pretty well dwindled out of the Carnival; nothing is left but a poor and forced imitation, which good society still smiles at, and condescends to witness from lofty windows, but from a participation in which good society—at least the native society—has withdrawn itself. Americans and Cockneys of "position" still mix in it, and contrive to bring some amusing stories of the Carnival home.

— For a hundred and forty years previous to 1834, when the tax was discontinued, every sailor in the British mercantile service paid his sixpence sterling per month to the treasury of Greenwich Hospital, in the hope and assurance that, like bread cast upon the waters, it would, after many days, come back either to himself or his posterity. A capital of nearly *ten million dollars* was thus realized. Where this enormous sum and the interest of the same have gone, is at present a subject of indignant inquiry with our English cousins across the water, who are so fond of twitting Brother Jonathan about his railroad and political peccadilloes. The Greenwich-Hospital ring would appear to be a more disgraceful combination even than our Erie and Tammany coalitions, now happily broken. Until 1869, not a penny of the Greenwich sixpence floated back to relieve the provident albeit broken-down old sailor, and even then but a paltry twenty thousand dollars was doled out annually, at the rate of three cents per day,

to the poor, worn-out toilers of the sea, to remind them and their younger comrades that "England expects every man to do his duty!" When the tax of "sixpence per month on every mariner" was originally levied, in 1695, it was upon the solemn assurance that the seamen of the mercantile marine were to take shares, in old age or sickness or disablement, in the profits accruing from that which was really their own fund. It was never intended merely for the "old salts" of the Royal Navy, many of whom find moderately comfortable berths at the interesting old institution. And even the navy has its grievance connected with the Greenwich sixpence. The men naturally inquire what has become of the money; for it is, or should be, of vast amount; yet the pensions are few and small. Thousands of English sailors are to-day eating parish bread, or the still more bitter bread of beggary, or eating none at all and starving. "We must bear in mind," says the London *Telegraph*, "that even the present pensions, paltry as they are, were only commenced between three and four years ago; so, what was doing until that date, from the year 1834? Was the Greenwich estate waiting for an heir to come of age? And how was the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year disposed of in 'expenses'? We shall be told of the royal pensioners, no doubt; but what did they cost individually? If ever there was a great national establishment misused, it is Greenwich Hospital; and, if ever there was a public tax misappropriated, it is the 'Greenwich sixpence.'"

— The article entitled "A Community of Outcasts," in No. 156 of the *JOURNAL*, describing some of the inhabitants of the Ramapo Mountains, has attracted much attention, and given rise to many inquiries from various quarters. A correspondent from Saddle River, New Jersey, who professes to know the Ramapo region very well, has written us a letter in which he declares the scenes depicted by our artist to be inaccurate and fictitious, and the descriptions of our contributor to be in a great degree unfounded. We can only say, in reply, that our artist is a gentleman of character and veracity, who made his sketches on the spot; and that the writer of the article, who visited the place subsequently, and in whose powers of observation and investigation we have great confidence, confirmed, on his return, the description of the people given by the artist. It is to be understood, of course, that the description does not by any means apply to the great body of the inhabitants of the Ramapo Mountains, who, though mostly poor, do not differ in manners or mode of life, from the population of our other mountain-regions. The "community of outcasts" is a small and secluded one, and it is very likely that our correspondent at Saddle River may have never seen or even heard of it.

M  
about  
Holla  
dear  
wine  
in his  
a me  
accu  
youth  
found  
forty  
and P  
the la  
than  
eight  
read  
poem  
most  
when  
born  
or Lau  
or Lo  
Georg  
Præd  
he ha  
lebrit  
the co  
he sh  
of me  
sion  
able t  
which  
were  
his ed  
his tr  
ty; b  
birth  
his in  
his ex  
travel  
who i  
seen  
most  
the lo  
sician  
of his  
eral t  
in We  
all the  
science  
have b  
are no  
Prince  
1814,  
recove  
illness  
edit  
he wa  
the P  
Libran  
ples w  
of Fra  
ex - N  
hurst.  
of the  
than f  
headq  
horrib  
soil.  
Ali Pa  
the in  
coln.  
twenty  
eighty  
Queen  
dents  
servat

## Literary Notes.

MR. HAZEWELL, the accomplished critic of the *Boston Traveller*, writes thus about Holland's "Recollections:" "Sir Henry Holland—the Dr. Holland of writers long since dead—is the finest specimen of intellectual winter-green now extant in Great Britain, for in his eighty-fourth year he shows that he has a memory of almost unparalleled extent and accuracy, a vivacity that would become early youth, and a force in writing that is not often found even in the works of men of eight-and-forty. Born in the same year that Byron, Hook, and Peel, came into existence, he has survived the last more than twenty years, the second more than thirty years, and the first almost forty-eight years. He was more than old enough to read and to enjoy the first edition of Scott's first poem, and he is as vigorous with his pen, now almost forty years since Scott's death, as he was when 'Waverley' came out in 1814. He was born before either Shelley, or Keats, or Cooper, or Lamartine, or Dumas, or Macaulay, or Grote, or Lockhart, or Mrs. Browning, or Prescott, or George Ticknor, or Everett, or Milman, or Fraed, or Jerrold, or Aytoun, was born, and he has survived them all, and many other celebrities, all his juniors; and, to judge from the contents of this volume, we do not see why he should not live to write of the middle age of men who are now boys at school. No man can live long, supposing him to retain possession of his mental faculties, without being able to accumulate much matter the fair use of which would be beneficial to his fellows, even were his degree lowly, his experience narrow, his education poor, his intelligence small, and his travels not beyond the limits of his country; but Sir Henry Holland is a man of good birth, and of the highest class of education; his intelligence is as wide and many-hued as his experience is vast and various; he has travelled more variously than any living man who is not a professional traveller, and he has seen more of what is known as social life in most of its forms than it ever before fell to the lot of mortal to see. As a first-class physician in London he belonged, as well by virtue of his position and knowledge as from his general talents and writings, to the highest society in Western Europe, and was acquainted with all those great leaders in statesmanship and science, in politics and letters, whose names have become historical, and very few of whom are now living. He went abroad with the last Princess of Wales (Caroline of Brunswick) in 1814, and he saw the present Prince of Wales recover from what threatened to be a mortal illness in 1871. He aided Schweighauser to edit 'Herodotus,' at Strasbourg, and at Milan he watched Mai's operations in deciphering the Palimpsest MSS. found in the Ambrosian Library. In 1815 he was at a court ball in Naples when news came of Napoleon I.'s invasion of France from Elba, and in 1871 he attended ex-Napoleon III., professionally, at Chislehurst. He was an eye-witness of the horrors of the field of Vittoria, in 1813, and, more than fifty years later, he was at General Grant's headquarters in Virginia, and saw yet more horrible results of fighting on that 'sacred soil.' He knew Ali Pacha of Janina—Byron's Ali Pacha, and Dumas's—and he was one of the intimate acquaintances of President Lincoln. He visited Iceland in 1810, at the age of twenty-two, and again in 1871, at the age of eighty-three. He was a witness at the trial of Queen Caroline, and he has known six Presidents of the United States. He was at the Observatory of Berlin when Encke assented to

the proposal of Leverrier that the newly-discovered planet should be called Neptune; and he was with Donati, in his observatory at Florence, when the splendid comet of 1858, which bears that astronomer's name, made its nearest approach to the earth. He knows Chicago and Damascus, the Mississippi and the Phæar. He has been almost everywhere, knows almost every thing, and is acquainted with almost everybody. His travels have been as remarkable as extensive; and in their course he has ascended to the summits of Hecla, of Vesuvius, and of Etna. So much of travelling is not to our taste, as it implies exertion and activity, two things that we abhor. We presume that, of all historical characters, he most admires the Emperor Adrian, of whose restless journeyings throughout the Roman Empire Gibbon has drawn so vivid a picture—but Adrian's successor, Antoninus Pius, is more to our liking, as his longest journey was that from Rome to his Lanuvian villa. We have a sort of respect even for Philip II., who, though the fairest parts of the world were in his wide dominions, confined himself, for most of the last forty years of his life, to a few places in Spain, unlike his father (Charles V.), who was perpetually running about, till he ran himself out. But to travel is as necessary for some men as it is to talk, and Dr. Holland is of the number; and he has travelled to some purpose, too, never finding any thing barren between his Dan and Beersheba. His knowledge of men, of books, and of countries, and of literature and of science, make of him a most entertaining and instructive author; and probably there is not another man living who could have written any thing like this volume, the contents of which are drawn from so many sources, each of which might suffice to furnish ample materials for a valuable work. Long life is in itself something quite wonderful, for though many persons live to be very old, as our daily published lists of deaths are constantly showing, yet the entire number of such persons is seen to be small when compared with the millions upon millions who are annually born to die; and when a very aged person has lived an extraordinary life, and yet retains his faculties in full vigor, his case is a wonderful one indeed. Such is Sir Henry Holland's case: as his years are many, his career has been something bordering on the marvellous, and this volume suffices to show that his mental powers are not in the least impaired by time. True, he mentions, frankly, some facts that imply that those powers are not quite unimpaired, but we account them of small weight, because we have known men not much above fifty make the same admissions as to the failure of their faculties. Originally he must have possessed a model constitution, materially as well as morally—and this we take to be the cause of almost every case of longevity. Favorable circumstances of origin and existence often are mentioned as contributing to length of days, but then what are such circumstances but the results of good formation? This man is as much born to long life as that man to write good poetry, or to produce good music, or to become eminent in science, or to be a great merchant. As the Turks have it, a man's fate is written on his forehead, and the ordering of his life begins with his birth, when he is but a helpless squaller. Perhaps it begins before his birth, in the character and condition of his parents. The circumstances that surround his infancy and his childhood, when he is totally helpless, have much to do with his career—but they are only agents in forming him for the conflict of life, and they may be blessings to him, but quite as likely they may

be curses. A child may be born with a century of life in it, but a careless nurse may knock down that century one-half, by dropping the babe to the floor. Dr. Holland never might have been heard of, had he been born under different conditions from those that belonged to his first appearance on earth; and his life might have been altogether different from what it has been, had he been differently nursed, trained, and educated, just as Byron's life was poisoned by the surroundings of his infancy and childhood. Fortunately, Sir Henry Holland's early surroundings were good, and so he has lived to write a good book at fourscore-and-three—and we hope he will live to write another book at one hundred and three, and that all his present readers may live to read and enjoy it."

## Miscellany.

## The Cost of Living.

THE *New-York Times* recently opened an interesting department, which has probably had more eager readers than its defence of the custom-house, or its exposures of Tammany. It is devoted to correspondents who tell how people with limited incomes manage to make both ends meet, or fail to do it. This is the problem of existence for at least seven-eighths of the people the world over, and the terms of it are pretty much the same everywhere. Widely apart as the writers are in their habits and their experience, these letters have given a host of readers much to think of, if they do not show a clear way out of the difficulty. The provocative of this entertaining exhibition of domestic economies or extravagances was an editorial, in which the broad proposition was laid down that a family of five or six persons, living in a good house and a good neighborhood in this city or Brooklyn, keeping necessary servants, setting a good table, entertaining company, and enjoying a reasonable share of the comforts and common luxuries of life, cannot save any thing from an income of five thousand dollars a year. To the general request for light on this subject, the responses were numerous, and the testimony conflicting. One family of six adult persons, keeping two servants, manages to live well on seven thousand five hundred dollars a year, and the head of the family thinks he is entitled to some credit for economy. Another family of the same number lives, for aught that appears, equally well for three thousand dollars, and he says he pays twelve hundred dollars a year rent for an up-town house, with conveniences, in a central neighborhood. Still another, consisting of a man and wife, five grown-up daughters, and a negro-servant, who works for board and clothes, lives comfortably on an income of twelve hundred and eighty dollars, paying seven hundred dollars a year for rent, and allowing each daughter forty dollars a year for clothes—table expenses averaging three dollars and a half a week! But they live in New Jersey. Still another of seven persons, including one servant at fifteen dollars a month, owning their house, but paying seven hundred and fifty dollars a year in taxes and interest, and with no extravagances except one hundred dollars a year for cigars, finds the greatest difficulty in living on an income of twenty-five hundred dollars. One man, whose family consists of a wife and child, has an income of thirteen hundred dollars; out of that, by strict economy, and dispensing with all servants, "save the valuable services of a frugal wife," he manages to live in respectable apartments on a second floor, enjoy many of the comforts and



a few of the luxuries of life, clothe his family decently, with now and then a dollar for church or for charity, but cannot save any thing. A single man, twenty-five years old, with an income of two thousand dollars, states his case as follows:

Board, per year .....	\$634 00
Clothes .....	300 00
Commutation by railroad .....	75 00
Papers and periodicals .....	17 68
Amusements .....	50 00
Cigars and tobacco .....	30 00
Church .....	60 00
Summer vacation .....	100 00
Sundries .....	245 32
Balance for savings-bank .....	500 00

#### Issacco Artom.

Nigra, the Italian ambassador to the French Republic, is to be succeeded by the Cavaliere Issacco Artom, who, although still a young man, has already distinguished himself as a diplomatist, and is favorably known in political circles throughout Europe.

He was at one time private secretary to Cavour, and has since then been intrusted by his Government with various important missions, although he labored under the same disadvantage that hindered the ready-witted Reichenheim, the Prussian deputy, from ever becoming a member of the cabinet. Bismarck, meeting him one day after he had been opposing in the Chamber some measure of the chancellor, said to him, "You will think differently when you become minister." "That is a dignity I can never attain to, your excellency," replied Reichenheim; "my ministerial career was cut off (abgeschnitten) when I was only a week old." Artom, like Reichenheim, belongs to "the chosen people," who still await the coming of the Messiah.

Issacco Artom is the first Jew who has ever appeared in "most Christian" France as the representative of a foreign power. He is a man of marked ability, or he would never have been selected by Cavour as his private secretary. He was for a time first secretary of the Italian legation in Paris; then he was sent as ambassador to Karlsruhe, Baden, and was subsequently secretary-general of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

He has been intrusted with several difficult secret missions, and has always acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his Government.

In 1866 he was sent to Vienna, to induce the Mensdorff ministry to sell Venice to Italy, which would have destroyed the alliance of the latter country with Prussia, but he was not successful in this mission, the other Austrian ministers declining to entertain the proposition until they were persuaded by the cannon and the needle-guns of Königgrätz.

In 1870 Artom was again sent to Vienna, to confer with Count von Beust, but Sedan put a sudden end to their negotiations.

The sending of a Jew by a Catholic country as its representative at a Catholic court, shows that we live in a truly catholic age.

#### Disraeli.

Disraeli will have positively nothing to do, if he can help it, with the Alabama affair in its present condition. He is full of pluck and vigor this session, quite jubilant and confident. He still looks wonderfully young, despite his awkward, shuffling, sinking walk, and his stooped shoulders. A few evenings since I saw him pass along Parliament Street, leaning on two friends. Everybody looked after him. He is a much more remarkable figure in the street than Gladstone or Bright. Let me describe him as he then showed: A tall man,

with stooped and rounded shoulders; a peculiarly-shaped head, flat denuding itself of hair, but with the hair that remains still black as ever; a complexion of dull brick-dust; a face puckered up like an old mask, or as if the wearer of the face were always screwing up his lips to whistle, and never accomplished the feat. A small chin-tuft adorns the countenance; and, let me add, that the expression on the countenance is lugubrious enough to become an artistic and conscientious mute at a funeral. A long gray or white outer coat reaches nearly to the ankles of this remarkable figure; and beneath the coat might be seen trousers of a darker gray, and very neat boots. There was something of the air of a decayed and fading dandy about the entire personage, which, joined with the odd walk, and the stooped shoulders, and the chill gray atmosphere of the early evening, diffused a sense of gloom over the meditative spectator. Was this, then, the brilliant, eccentric, and dashing man of genius, who used to be the cynosure of eyes in Lady Blessington's bright salons, who wrote "Vivian Grey," and came out as a wild radical, and proclaimed that revolution was his forte, and challenged O'Connell to a duel, and heard the chimes ever so long past midnight with the elderly gentleman now vegetating at Chiselhurst, who was then Prince Louis Napoleon? Yes, that was he. "There goes old Dixie," said a working-man, as the great politician, romancer, and adventurer, shuffled along.—Justin McCarthy.

#### Earth-Movements.

Sir Charles Lyell and Dr. Chambers have made us familiar with the fact of the upheaval of the Scandinavian Peninsula, and M. Réclus adds many curious details. Certain fine woods in Norway are "continually being upheaved toward the lower snow-limits, and are gradually withering away in the cooler atmosphere; wide belts of forest are composed of nothing but dead trees, although some of them have stood for centuries." The gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, like vessels tilted up out of the horizontal, slowly pour their waters into the southern basin of the Baltic. Fresh islets appear, and M. Réclus contemplates a remote future in which the Aland Isles will become connected with the continent, and will serve as a bridge between Stockholm and the empire of Russia. Of South America we are told a very curious thing. The western coast, from the island of Chiloe to Callao, is upheaving; Patagonia and Brazil are sinking. "Then a large portion of the South-American Continent is constantly gaining on one side that which it loses on the other, and is gradually making its way through the ocean in a westward direction."

#### Foreign Items.

THE largest collection of autographs ever sold in Germany was recently disposed of by an auctioneer at Leipzig. The bidding was spirited, and most of the autographs of distinguished personages brought high prices. An autograph letter by Benjamin Franklin sold for \$24; one by George Washington, for \$22; Bismarck's autograph was knocked down for \$9; a brief letter by King Louis XVI. of France, \$11; Marie Antoinette's autograph brought \$50; that of Peter the Great, \$11; Alexander I. of Russia, \$12; Napoleon's father, \$21; Josephine, \$10; Marie Louise, \$14; Napoleon III., \$12. Beust's autograph was not in demand. A long letter of his was sold for twenty-five cents.

The youngest daughter of the lawyer who defended Charlotte Corday in 1793, died a few weeks ago in a garret at Darmstadt, in abject poverty. After Charlotte Corday had killed Marat, none of the Parisian lawyers were bold enough to defend her. Lux, a native of Mayence, offered to do so. His courageous act cost him his life. He was guillotined shortly after the execution of his fair client. He left two daughters. The elder of them fell in love with Jean Paul, and, finding that the latter did not reciprocate her affection, she drowned herself in a fit of despair in the Rhine. The younger was married to a merchant, who died bankrupt. For fifty years she lived on an income of less than one hundred dollars a year.

The audience at the Royal Opera-house in Berlin, a few weeks ago, during the performance of Mozart's opera, "Figaro's Wedding," was treated to a scene which was not in the programme. The two prima donnas, Mesdames Lucca and Mallinger, began to quarrel violently on the stage, and the curtain had to be lowered in order to put a stop to the altercation. In consequence of this unpleasant affair, the two ladies offered their resignation next day. That of Madame Mallinger was accepted, but Madame Lucca was requested to withdraw hers. Madame Lucca will visit the United States next fall.

Friedlander, the court jeweller at Berlin, had recently a magnificent emerald ring, for which he asked fourteen thousand dollars. Two Jewish bankers wanted to buy it; but the jeweller said, before letting them have it, he would offer it to the Emperor William. The emperor admired the ring very much, but, when he heard the price, he said: "No, my friend, I cannot spend so much money. You had better offer it to some of our wealthy Jews. They have recently made so much money that they can afford to buy such rings. I am too poor."

The Artillery Museum, in St. Petersburg, contained all the valuable insignia of the Russian orders. A daring burglar succeeded lately in forcing his way into the vault where these decorations, which in the aggregate were worth nearly three million rubles, were preserved, and escaped with his spoils. The government offers a reward of one hundred thousand rubles for the recovery of the insignia.

Guizot has received from the French Academy the large prize of twenty thousand francs for his recently-published "History of France for Children." This sum he has returned to the Academy, and requested that it be used for paying every three years a prize of three thousand francs to the author of the best work on one of the great literary epochs of France, or on the life and works of eminent French authors.

The Count de Kératry, the intimate friend of President Thiers, has in press a work entitled "The Last of the Napoleons." It will contain a large number of unpublished documents relating to the secret history of the Second Empire, and is dedicated "to the manes of Napoleon's most illustrious victim, the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico."

Grillparzer has left three complete tragedies in manuscript. They are entitled "Libussa," "The Hostile Brothers of the House of Hapsburg," and "The Jewess of Toledo." Grillparzer's posthumous works will be edited by Heinrich Laube and Dr. Mosenthal.

Jules Janin's long-expected book, "Le Lièvre," has at length been published in Par-

is. The French critics assert that it is by far more interesting than Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," and contains a great deal of most valuable information about rare and curious books.

Russia has, according to the recent census of the empire, eight cities of between fifty and one hundred thousand inhabitants, and four of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, viz., Odessa, 121,000; Warsaw, 180,000; Moscow, 400,000; and St. Petersburg, 662,000 inhabitants.

A very singular coincidence is, that the Emperor Alexander I., while out bear-hunting, came near losing his life in consequence of an attack made on him by a furious bear, on the very day when his son Alexis was in imminent danger of being killed by a buffalo on our Western prairies.

A Russian printer has invented a type-setting machine which, the St. Petersburg papers assert, far surpasses all similar machines that have hitherto been produced. It sets in an hour thirty thousand letters; it costs five thousand rubles, and one thousand letters set thereby cost only five cents.

Simon, the most eloquent of the deputies in the German National Assembly of 1848, who, in consequence of his participation in the Revolution of 1849, had been sentenced to death, died last month in exile at Montreux, in Switzerland, in his sixty-second year.

Kaltschmidt, the celebrated German lexicographer, of whose works over five hundred thousand copies have been sold, died recently at Leipzig, in his seventy-second year.

Meissonnier, the French painter, received for his last painting, "A Cuirassier Charge," two hundred thousand francs from a Jewish banker in Vienna.

The Imperial Theatre in Vienna paid last year thirty thousand florins to the authors of original plays performed on that stage.

Prince Otho of Bavaria, the only brother and heir of King Louis II., is hopelessly insane.

In the year 1871 there were published, in Germany, 10,669 new books and maps. Among the books were 960 novels.

There are in the German Empire sixty thousand primary schools, with six million pupils.

The *Observer on the Spree*, the oldest literary paper in Germany, has been discontinued.

Exceedingly valuable discoveries of heathen antiquities have been made between Posen and Thorn, in Prussia.

## Varieties.

THE Bishop of Exeter, England, at a recent ordination service, stated that he had no hesitation in saying that he looked upon the ministers of every denomination in the country as true ministers of Christ. He knew no test by which their work could be tried which would not come to that result, because he saw that men under their ministry had accepted God's truth; that the Lord had so blessed their work that he could not doubt for one moment that their word had His approval, and that He had sent them.

"Who," says the *Saturday Review*, "can enjoy a chat with a man who always talks of

women as females, and of a man as an individual; with whom things are never like, but similar; who never begins a thing, but always commences it; who does not choose, but elects; who does not help, but facilitates; who does not supply, but caters; nor buy, but always purchases; who calls a beggar a mendicant; with whom a servant is always a domestic, where he is not a menial; who does not say any thing, but states it; and does not end, but terminates it; who calls a house a residence, in which he does not live, but resides; with whom place is a locality, and things do not happen, but transpire."

A party of young Florentines were discussing at a restaurant the trick of sword-swallowing, which they had just seen performed at a theatre by a Chinese juggler. One of them thought it very simple, and, to illustrate, put a fork down his throat. The instrument slipped from his hands, and, in spite of the frantic attempts of his friends to pull it out, down it went to his stomach, where it remained at last accounts. He was taken to the hospital of St. Maria, and he became at once the most interesting patient within its walls.

A Utica paper declares that the Clearfield Fair consisted of a calf, a goose, and a pumpkin. It rained so hard, the first night, that the goose swam off, the calf broke loose and ate the pumpkin, and a thief prowling around stole the calf, and that ended the fair.

*Infant Prodigy*.—Why is your hair so gray, mamma?—Mamma. Well, because you're such a naughty child sometimes.—*Infant Prodigy*. What a naughty child you must have been! Poor grandma's hair is quite white!

The main portion of the Southern peanut-crop comes from a narrow strip of land extending about forty miles northerly from Wilmington, North Carolina.

A widow of Liverpool, England, has recovered fifteen hundred dollars in damages from the owner of a mad dog through whose bite her husband died.

Some one affirms that young girls become rude and free in their manners by being allowed to ride to and from school unattended in public conveyances.

Massachusetts has a mile of completed railway for every five square miles of territory, and one for each thousand of population.

A bookseller in Portland, Maine, named Hall L. Davis, does not wish English cockneys to take liberties with his name.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there's a good eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

Moses was the first legislator to make a law for the protection of animals (Deuteronomy xxii. 6). Mohammed followed his example.

## Contemporary Portraits.

### The King and Queen of Spain.

ISABELLA II., the last of the seven Bourbon sovereigns of Spain, was driven from the throne in September, 1868, by an almost bloodless revolution, provoked by her gross personal and political misconduct. During the interregnum the affairs of the kingdom were under the chief direction of Marshal Prim, who had headed the revolution. A Constituent Cortes, elected by universal suffrage, decided, by a vote of two hundred and fourteen to seventy-one, that a monarchy was better adapted to the character and condition of the Spanish people than a republic. A monarchical constitution, with strongly-democratic clauses, was accordingly framed by the Cortes, and proclaimed on June 6, 1869, and ten days later Marshal Serrano was elected regent, to rule until some satisfactory occupant could be found for the vacant throne.

The crown was first offered to Dom Fer-

nando, the ex-King of Portugal, who declined it. It was declined also by the aged Marshal Espartero. The Duke of Genoa, a boy of fifteen, nephew of the King of Italy, was next selected, but his mother would not consent to have him placed in so dangerous a position, and his candidature came to nothing.

Marshal Prim next offered the crown to the Prussian Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, an offer which, though not accepted, was the ostensible cause of kindling the great war between Prussia and France, of reviving the German Empire, and overthrowing that of the Bonapartes. While the war was still raging, the Spaniards again turned to Italy and to the house of Savoy for a candidate. The Spanish Council of Ministers made a formal proposition to Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, the second son of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and, on October 19, 1870, he accepted their offer, and on the 16th of November following the Constituent Cortes voted the election of Amadeus as King of Spain. He received one hundred and ninety-three votes, against sixty-four for a republic, and twenty-two for the Duke de Montpensier.

King Amadeus, or, as in Spanish, Amadeo, was born May 30, 1845. He was created Duke of Aosta in 1849, and entered the Italian army in 1861. On the 30th of May, 1867, he married Maria Vittoria, daughter of the late Prince Carlo Emmanuel dal Pozzo della Cisterna and of Louise, Countess of Merode. The young bride, though not of royal rank, was of rank next to royalty. The marriage was celebrated at Turin, and created much interest in Sardinia. Amadeus is greatly beloved by the Piedmontese, among whom he was brought up, and at the time of his marriage was known and esteemed throughout Italy as a brave and amiable young man. He had given proof of his bravery in the war with Austria, though not intrusted with a separate command.

King Amadeus sailed for Spain in December, and on the 30th reached Carthagena, where he received news of the assassination of Prim at Madrid. He proceeded at once to the capital, which he entered on January 2, 1871, in the midst of an intensely cold snow-storm. His first visit was to the church of Atocha, where lay the murdered body of Marshal Prim. There, much moved, he gazed on the features of the man to whom he owed his crown, cold and stiff in death. The young Italian stranger, as he looked on the assassin's work, must have been conscious that his own life lay at the mercy of the same cruel hands. It was enough to shake the fortitude of the bravest. On leaving the church, the king remounted, and rode through the streets to the Cortes, to take the oaths to the Constitution. Everywhere he was received with *vivas* and manifestations of welcome. His queen, Maria Vittoria, with her two little children, did not arrive in Madrid till some time in March. Here she impressed every one favorably by her grace, her amiability, and intelligence. She possesses considerable literary accomplishments. She speaks English, French, and German fluently; and, since her arrival in Madrid, has acquired the Spanish tongue.

From the letters of the Madrid correspondents of the English press we derive sundry particulars touching the domestic habits of the royal pair. The king, it is said, never drinks any thing but water; and, although unpledged, he is a staunch teetotaler. He rises every day at six, the queen at seven. Both occupy some time in reading the papers of all colors, including republican and Carlist. At ten o'clock they breakfast—never more than four *platos*, or courses, including fruit.



AMADEUS, KING OF SPAIN.



MARIA VITTORIA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

At five they dine, and the dinner consists of but six *platos*, including dessert. No more than an hour at the outside is spent over dinner, no matter who is there. This almost puritanical simplicity is fitted to make the court of Madrid a model to all the rest of Europe. The large dotation assigned to the royal household is expended, every penny of it, and more, in Spain and upon the Spaniards. Out of it the king is paying, not only the current expenses,

but also the pensions of the household of Queen Isabella, a thing he is under no obligation to do. He is also completing the Madrid palace, by the erection of a wing included in the original plan, but never yet constructed. At the same time he is effecting works of restoration at Aranjuez and the Escorial. His charities alone average seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a month. The whole expense of his journey in the southern and eastern

provinces last fall, calculated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he defrayed from his private purse, unlike his predecessors, who always had their journeys paid for at the cost of the state. Thus far he has shown much tact and good sense, but his position is a very difficult one, and it is as yet far from certain that the young Italian sovereigns will continue to occupy the throne to which they were so recently called.

## APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 159, APRIL 13, 1872.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE FOUNTAIN, FORSTH PARK, SAVANNAH. (With Illustration.)	393	A SKETCH OF LOWER CANADA. (With Illustrations.) By Gilbert	408
MARGARET MORRIS. By Constance Fenimore Woolson.	394	Burling.	408
LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapter XXVI. By the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life."	399	TRAILING ARBUTUS. By Emma M. Converse.	414
FOREST-MUSIC. By F. R. Goulding.	401	SONNET. By Paul H. Hayne.	414
THE PASSION PROCESSION OF MONACO. By N. S. Dodge.	403	TABLE-TALK.	415
"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"—Part III.: Chapters III. and IV. By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She," etc. (From advance-sheets.)	405	LITERARY NOTES.	417
"IN A KING CAMBYSES VEIN." By Barton Grey.	407	MISCELLANY.	417
		FOREIGN ITEMS.	418
		VARIETIES.	419
		CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.	419



Have spoken their own praise for upward of three-quarters of a century.

## Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac,

FOR THE PRESENT YEAR, ALSO,

## Landreth's Illustrated Flower-Seed Catalogue,

WILL BE MAILED TO ALL APPLICANTS WHO SEND THEIR ADDRESS,

With Stamp to prepay Postage.

DAVID LANDRETH & SON,

92 & 93 SOUTH 6TH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

## PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL, the safest and best illuminating Oil

ever made: used in over 150,000 families. Millions of gallons have been sold. No accidents have ever occurred from it.

Oil House of CHAS. PRATT (Established 1770), 108 Fulton St. N. Y.

Our motto—"The cheapest and best, but not lowest-priced."

Thousands have already handed in their testimony to the superiority of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER over any in use, and thousands will yet testify to its worth after giving it a trial. It recommends itself. Ask for it at your Grocer's.

Persons Buying or Erecting Machinery, WILL AVOID MAKING EXPENSIVE MISTAKES BY OBTAINING ADVICE FROM A

## PROFESSIONAL ENGINEER.

Address RICHARD H. BUEL, 7 Warren St., N.Y.

RAILROAD BONDS. Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to No. 7 WALL ST., N.Y. CHARLES W. HASSLER.